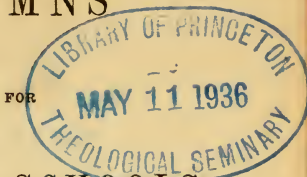




H Y M N S

FOR

MAY 11 1936



SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF

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✓
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in America.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Book of Hymns for Sunday-schools originated in the acknowledged want of such a volume in the Lutheran Church. Its immediate occasion was the generous donation of one hundred dollars by Rev. F. W. Geissenheiner, and F. W. Geissenheiner, Esq., of the city of New York, for such a publication by the Lutheran Board. To accomplish the object in an orderly manner, the subject was referred to the General Synod at Pittsburg in May, 1859, when it was resolved by that body:

“That we regard a good Sunday-school Hymn Book for the Lutheran Church as necessary, and hereby authorize the Board of Publication to prepare and issue such a work at an early period; also, that the Hymn Book Committee be directed to enter into contract with the Board of Publication for its publication under the auspices of the General Synod, and that a reasonable premium for every copy sold be allowed to the Synod.”
— *Minutes*, p. 36.

With this authority, and under these arrangements, the Board now issues this volume. It is the product of patient labor and critical revision. The compilers have aimed to select the best hymns within their reach — hymns poetical in sentiment and form, fervent and devotional in spirit, and pure and scriptural in doc-

trine. Whilst due regard has been had to the cardinal design of the compilation as a Hymn Book *for Sunday-schools*, a few hymns not so strictly adapted to the wants of children have been retained to render the book useful, in case of necessity, in other than Sunday-school meetings.

An Appendix, embracing Hymns for Infants, has been added (and will also be published separately) to supply a want in the nurseries of families, as well as in the infant departments of our schools.

The claims of this book are —

1. That it is the only Sunday-school Hymn Book officially issued by the Lutheran Church of this country.

2. That it is Evangelical and Lutheran in tone and adaptation, and fully competent to fill the place for which it is designed.

3. That it embraces the finest productions in the department of Sunday-school Hymnology.

4. That it has been edited and issued with becoming care and scrutiny.

5. That it is convenient in form, varied in contents, cheap in price, and worthy of the favorable regard of the Church, and

6. That its circulation will conform to the order and wish of the Church, expressed by its highest Council, and, at the same time, furnish a revenue to the treasury of the General Synod.

With these claims it is given to the public, accompanied by the prayer of the Board, that it may be useful in the training of the lambs of Christ's flock for his service on earth and his fold in heaven.

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APPENDIX — HYMNS FOR INFANTS.

H Y M N S

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

OPENING.

1 *Praise to God.* L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

2

Imploring a Blessing.

C. M.

HERE, Lord, before thy mercy-seat
In Christ's prevailing name,
Behold a band of children meet,
A Father's love to claim.

2 Our foolish hearts, alas! are slow
To understand thy way;
O teach us, Lord, thy will to know,
And help us to obey.

3 Kind are the friends who bring us here
To learn thy holy word;
But vain is all their toil and care,
Without thy blessing, Lord.

4 Fulfil their hopes; thy grace display
In every youthful mind;
And while they guide us in thy way,
Let them a blessing find.

3

Opening Prayer.

S. M.

NOW we've assembled here,
To read, to learn, and pray;
Shed on us, mighty God, thy fear
To keep us through the day.

2 Be vanity afar,
And every evil thought;
O let us think how blest we are,
In being rightly taught.

3 Nor let us lightly hold
The blessing that is given;
To learn that love that can't be told,
Which angels sing in heaven.

4 Impress upon our hearts,
Great Spirit, all we read;
And when all other stay departs,
This will be sweet indeed.

4 *Lord, teach us how to Pray.* S. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

5

Confession of God's Mercies.

7s.

- CHILDREN, join your God to bless,
Gratefully his care confess;
Of his bounties you have shared,
He your lives has kindly spared.
- 2 Spared, again in school to meet;
Spared, to bow at Jesus' feet;
Spared, to see this holy day:
With your teachers sing and pray.
- 3 Now you meet to read the word,
Word of Christ your King and Lord;
Lord, who died that you might live—
Then to him your service give.

6

Claiming the Promise.

S. M.

- JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

- 4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

7 *Confession.* S. M.

ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

- 2 Our sins to heav'n ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

- 3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

- 4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

8 *Assembling in School.* L. M.

NOW we are met to read and pray,
And hear what our kind teachers say;
Let every child attentive be
To Him who every child can see.

- 2 He dwells in heaven; but he is here:
He lives on high; but he is near:
He knows our thoughts and wishes too,
And knows what we're about to do.
- 3 The careless soul, the roving mind,
Will not divine instruction find;
The serious and the thoughtful youth
Will learn the ways of God and truth.
- 4 Then let us all be wise and learn
How from the ways of sin to turn;
How we may fear and love the Lord,
And understand his holy word.

9

Supplication.

L. M.

- A SSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us then through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

10

Suffer us to come.

7s.

LORD, before thy throne we stand,
 LOnce again thy children see;
 Smile upon this youthful band,
 Suffer us to come to thee.

2 Whither else should children go
 Weak and impotent as we?
 Thou hast all things to bestow:
 Suffer us to come to thee.

3 While we here have life and breath,
 This our constant prayer should be,
 This our latest sigh in death:—
 Suffer us to come to thee.

11

A Blessing on the Word.

C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God;
 Once more his blessing ask:
 O may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
 From heaven, in Jesus' name,
 And bid our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart;
 And keep the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.

- 4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

12

Glory to God.

68, 48.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore
Saints, sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Soon must we change our place
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
Still will we tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And, through all ages, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

13

Christ the Shepherd.

C. M.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

14

Joys of God's House.

S. M.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

15

In School again.

L. M.

- O LORD, to whom our life we owe,
From whom our daily blessings flow;
To thee again we come to raise
Our voices and our hearts in praise.
- 2 Again, upon thy day, we here
Within the Sabbath-school appear;
And, that thy mercies we may share,
Our hearts and voices raise in pray'r.
- 3 As ever here thy will we trace,
And learn the news of gospel grace;
Help us with thanks to lift above
Our voices and our hearts in love.

M. S.

16 *Praise to Jesus.* L. M. 6 lines.

INVITED by a Saviour's love,
We meet to praise his sacred name;
The church below, the church above,
Unite his glory to proclaim,
And children's voices join to swell
The chorus to Immanuel.

2 Do any ask why children sing,
And why approach thy heavenly seat?
It is that we, O Lord, may bring
And lay our tribute at thy feet;
Since thou for children too wast slain,
And wilt not deem their praises vain.

3 Lord, with thy love each bosom fill,
And bid each heart aspire to thee;
Make us desire to do thy will,
From sin and folly set us free.
Did Jesus die that we might live?
To Jesus then our souls we give.

THE LORD'S DAY.

17

The Lord's Day.

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
To bless his saints to-day;
Here we may sit his word to hear,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than a thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

18

Sabbath Morning.

7s, 6s.

THE rosy light is dawning,
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning,
O! come and pay thy vow.

Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded,
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded,
Before the eye of day:
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

19 *The Sabbath Profitable.* C. M.

I ORD of the Sabbath, I rejoice
Thine holy day to see;
May I, assisted by thy grace,
Begin this week with thee.

2 I come this day to hear thy word,
To sing, to pray, and praise;
To learn of thee, my gracious Lord,
Religion's pleasant ways.

3 O may the Holy Spirit bless
These sacred means of grace,
That I may learn thy righteousness,
And seek in youth thy face.

20

The Day of Rest.

L. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath blest,
The day to us in mercy given;
The holy Sabbath of his rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

- 2 Lord, in thy praises we would join;
To thee devote this sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign;
Look up to heav'n, and learn the way.
- 3 May we by every Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love;
And thus thy holy rest below
Shall fit us for thy rest above.

21

God's Day.

L. M.

THIS day belongs to God alone,
This day he chooses for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

- 2 'Tis well to have one day in seven.
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and being good.
- 3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week,
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

- 4 And every Sabbath should be passed
 As if we knew it were our last:
 What would the dying sinner give
 To have one Sabbath more to live.

22 *How Sweet is the Sabbath.* 11s.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of
 rest;
 The day of the week which I surely love best;
 The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
 And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

- 2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
 And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
 Remembering these seasons were graciously
 given
 To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
 In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

23 *Sunday Morning.* C. M.

L ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

24

Sabbath Morning.

7s.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek.

Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sins and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we're come, thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

25

The Sabbath.

L. M.

OUR Sabbaths come so welcome on,
 We wish them to remain awhile,
 But soon, alas! their joys are gone,
 And scarce "bequeath a parting smile."

2 Full many are the hours of grief,
 Allotted to the sons of men,
 Our Sabbaths bring a short relief
 Yet leave us but to mourn again.

3 Ye peaceful days! and thou blest sun
 Why roll ye in such haste away?
 Ye happy hours! why flow ye on
 So fast toward eternity?

- 4 O! if ye bring an endless day,
Speed fast along, nor never cease;
We'll gladly feel your joys decay,
In perfect and enduring bliss.

26 *Blessedness of the Sabbath.* 7s.

LET the Sabbath-day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Songs of praise ascend on high,
Hallelujahs fill the sky.

- 2 Let the Sabbath-day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Humble prayer to God ascend,
God our Father and our Friend.

- 3 Let the Sabbath-day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Gladly hear his holy Word,
Gladly learn the way to God.

27 *Sabbath Eve.* 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

- 3 Peace is on the world abroad,
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close!



THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

FOR SCHOLARS.

28 *Reasons for loving the Sunday-school.* C. M.

I LOVE the Sunday-school—the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

- 2 I love the Sunday-school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing,—
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

3 I love the Sunday-school — where we
The Holy Bible read,—
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4 O, that when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the heavenly plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

29

The same.

L. M.

I LOVE to join the joyful play,
To sport beside the shady pool,
To watch my kite soar far away,
But more I love the Sunday-school.

2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book;
And oh, my heart doth feel the while,
That God is pleas'd on us to look.

3 And when we bend the knee in pray'r,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray and sing his praise.

4 While others slight this holy day,
And shun the Gospel's joyful sound,
Oh, may I cleave to Wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.

30

A Heavenly Place.

S. M.

I LOVE the Sabbath-school,
Where happy children meet;
Where rich and poor alike may come,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 I love the Sabbath-school,
Where children learn to pray,
And hear about the world to come,
And Jesus Christ, the Way.

3 I love the Sabbath-school;
It is a heav'nly place!
For there the youthful heart may learn
To seek the Saviour's face.

4 I love the Sabbath-school,
And Him who bought for me
This sweet, this precious means of grace,
And gives the blessing free!

31

Admitted to School.

C. M.

ADMITTED where thy truths are taught
While pious hearts adore;
Father in heaven! my spirit ought
Thy blessing to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray;
My wayward passions tame;
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

- 3 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust in Him who died,
To yield submission to His will,
For all is vain beside.

32

Attention.

L. M.

DEAR children! have you ever thought
That you will come to school in vain
Unless you think of what you're taught,
And try instruction to obtain?

- 2 Allow no idle thought or look,
Let no disturbing sound be heard;
And when you read God's holy book,
Be sure you mind it every word.
- 3 His holy will is written there,
For our instruction 'tis designed;
Then surely we should never dare
To read it with a thoughtless mind.

33

Do not forget.

C. M.

WE'LL not forget the Sunday-school,
This hallow'd, much-loved place;
Though friends and scenes around us change
And time flies on apace.

- 2 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,
Where hopes of sin forgiven
Through Him alone, who came to die,
Allure our souls to heaven.

- 3 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,
Which taught us to beware
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,
Our youthful souls t' insnare.
- 4 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,
Nor friends that here we found,
Who strove to lead us home to God:
To them our hearts are bound.
- 5 We'll follow in their footsteps here,
And teach, and sing, and love;
Keep them and us, Lord, in thy fear,
Till we shall meet above!

34

Preparation.

C. M.

WHEN we together weekly meet,
Instruction to receive,
Do thou, O Lord, thy Spirit grant,
That we may hear and live.

- 2 Turn off our minds from vain desire;
From folly we would flee;
O may it be our fervent prayer,
"Lord, let us live for thee."
- 3 Then, when our days on earth are past,
And Sabbath-schools are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven at last,—
Shall meet to part no more.
- 3 *

35

Thanks.

7s.

FATHER! from thy throne above,
 Smile upon us in thy love:
 Happy children of the free,
 Grateful songs would raise to thee.

2 Thanks for Sunday-schools so dear,
 Where we're taught thy word to fear,
 From that holy book of thine,
 Fill'd with precious truths divine.

3 Saviour! 'mid all earthly strife,
 Through the cares and ills of life,
 May the precepts thou hast given
 Guide us in the path to heaven.

36

The Shepherd's Flock.

C. M.

THOU art our Shepherd, gracious Lord;
 Thy little flock behold;
 And guide us by thy staff and rod,
 As children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
 To this delightful place;
 Where we are watched, and warned, and
 As children of thy grace. [taught,

3 O may our teachers, toiling here,
 Meet us at last above;
 And they and we in heaven appear,
 As children of thy love.

37

True Worshippers.

6s. 4s.

GREAT God in heaven above,
 G We offer up in love
 This hymn of praise;
 Help us, O Lord, to be
 True worshippers of Thee,
 And keep us ever free
 From evil ways.

2 May all our teachers feel
 A pure and holy zeal
 To serve thee well;—
 And may we hand in hand,
 A blest and happy band,
 Be led to that bright land
 Where angels dwell.

38

Love for the Sunday-school.

6s.

I LOVE the Sunday-school,
 And on that holy day
 My heart is often full
 When I attempt to pray;
 With early steps I come
 To meet my teacher dear,
 Leaving my happy home
 To seek instruction here.

2 I love the Sunday-school,
 The precious volume too,
 Which is the only rule
 To teach me what to do:

Within it I behold
The rays of gospel light,
Richer than gems or gold,
And more divinely bright.

3 I love the Sunday-school,
And wish that every child
Would here his name enroll,
No more be rude and wild;
Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath
In folly or in crime
Along the road to death.

4 I love the Sunday-school,
And wish that all the earth
Might know, from pole to pole,
Its influence and worth:
And may God give me grace
A Saviour's name to love;
To see his smiling face
In mansions blest above.

39

What we are taught.

C. M.

O LORD, on this our Sunday-school,
Thy blessing we implore;
On those who teach and those who learn,
Thy Holy Spirit pour.

2 Here we are taught to spend aright
Thy sacred Sabbath-day;
Then let us not its hours employ
In idle talk or play.

3 Here too we learn with thankful joy,
 To seek thy house of prayer;
 Then let us hear, and praise, and pray,
 In truth and spirit there.

4 And here we read thy blessed word,
 The message of thy will;
 May we indeed its truths believe,
 Its righteous laws fulfil.

40 *We love to come.* P. M.

OH! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
 And learn of our teachers dear,
 Who point us, with love, to our home above,
 And the crown that awaits us there.

2 Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
 When the six days toil is o'er,
 And read and sing of our heavenly King,
 And learn to love Him more.

3 Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
 But we would not come alone;
 We would each bring in, from the depths of sin,
 Some wretched, wandering one;

4 Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
 Who know not of God or heaven;
 And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
 Which our Father's love hath given.

- 5 Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.
-

FOR TEACHERS.

41 *Sabbath-school Teachers' Prayer.* C. M.

TEACHER divine! we bow the knee,
Submissive, at thy throne;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee:
Ah! leave us not alone.

- 2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
Instruct each tender heart;
Then deign to hear, hide not thy face,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.
- 3 Without thee we can nothing do,
But further from thee stray;
Oh! change our hearts, our minds renew,
And teach us how to pray.
- 4 And may the sacred tie of love
Bind us together here;
A foretaste give of joys above,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer.

- 5 Thus while on earth we would adore,
When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, children, meet once more,
Transplanted to the skies.

42 *The Teacher's Responsibility.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

43 *The Serious Charge.* S. M.

HOW serious is the charge
To train the infant mind!
'Tis God alone can give a heart
To such a work inclined.

- 2 May we in Christian bonds
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.
- 3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside,
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.
- 4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless,
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

44

Teacher's Supplication.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father! God of love!
Our supplications hear,
Attend in mercy from above,
To our united prayer.

- 2 For blessings on the rising race,
We bow before thy throne;
May the rich influence of thy grace,
Our feeble efforts own.
- 3 More of thy grace may teachers know;
Thy Spirit's aid impart:
Patience, and love, and zeal bestow,
To stimulate each heart.

45

Teachers' Prayer.

L. M.

GREAT God, our feeble efforts own,
G And crown our labors with success;
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

- 2 Thy mercy to our pupils show,
And let their souls before thee live;
For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.
- 3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the better part,
And serve thee in their youthful days.
- 4 Then we and they, when time shall end,
With joy shall meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee through eternity.

46

Teachers' Petition.

L. M.

MAY we who teach the rising race,
Be filled, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above,
Descend and bless our work of love.

- 2 Thy grace to those we teach impart,
O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

- 3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain
To prove our labor not in vain.
- 4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
O welcome them to thy right hand,
To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

47 *Blessedness of Teaching Children.* C. M.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

- 2 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.
- 3 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 4 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace!

5 Almighty God! thine influence shed,
 To aid this good design:
 The honors of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

48 *Teachers' Object.* C. M.

A S teachers of the young we meet,
 Our object is the same;
 To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
 And praise his glorious name.

2 We meet to strengthen and unite
 Our hearts in this employ;
 O may our work be our delight,
 A crown of future joy.

5 May union, zeal, and wisdom join,
 To make our meetings blessed;
 And mutual love to God and man,
 Be constantly possessed.

49 *What we meet for.* S. M.

O JESUS, not for pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 For prayer and praise we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget.

2 We meet the grace to take,
 Which thou hast freely given;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, oh! thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy gracious presence feel!

CELEBRATIONS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

50 *Anniversary Hymn.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

WE have met in peace together,
In this house of God again,
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain.
Join our voices!
While we chant the solemn strain,
Join our voices!
While we chant the solemn strain.

2 We have met, but time is flying,
We shall part, but still his wing
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring.
Passing moments!
Swift the changeful seasons bring,
Passing moments!
Swift the changeful seasons bring.

3 Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our tears.

Gracious Saviour!
 Thy rich grace will calm our fears,
 Gracious Saviour!
 Thy rich grace will calm our fears.

4 Then with glory never ending,
 We our Saviour's face shall see,
 And shall hear him gently saying,
 Little children, come to me.
 Precious saying!
 Little children, come to me,
 Precious saying!
 Little children, come to me.

51

Sabbath-school Celebration.

7s, 6s.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
 Our grateful songs we raise;
 O tune our hearts and voices
 Thy holy name to praise;
 'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
 We're here allowed to meet;
 To join with friends and teachers,
 Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
 Who labor for our good,
 And may the holy Scriptures
 By us be understood;
 O may our hearts be given
 To thee, our glorious King;
 That we may meet in heaven,
 Thy praises there to sing.

- 3 And may the precious gospel
 Be published all abroad,
 Till all benighted people
 Shall know and serve the Lord;
 Till o'er the wide creation
 The rays of truth shall shine,
 And nations now in darkness,
 Arise to light divine.

52

Heavenly joy.

L M.

Children.

RICH is the sacred song that swells
 Where God in light and glory dwells;
 What joyful choir their notes combine!
 Who utter music so divine?

Choir.

- 2 'Tis the sweet song of spotless love,
 Which ransomed children sing above;
 Early to God their hearts were given,
 And now they dwell with him in heaven.

Children.

- 3 O, who may hope with them to be,
 And join their tones of harmony?
 Who can escape from earth and sin,
 And pure and holy be within?

Choir.

- 4 In strength divine, the youngest may
 Begin a holy life to-day;
 Through Him that loved us, hopes remain
 That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

53

Celebration-day.

8s, 7s.

Teachers.

COME, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come and worship now before him,
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

Children.

2 On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.
Oh! to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh! to know that, from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

Teachers.

3 Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain;
Let the nations bow before him,
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

Children.

- 4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
 Now ascends to thee alone;
 We would come, with all the nation,
 Now to worship at thy throne.
 Teachers! will you join the chorus?
 Join in hymning forth his praise,
 Who, for our redemption, shows us
 All the riches of his grace?

Teachers and Children.

- 5 Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
 Gladly now we all unite;
 Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
 Blessed Lord, of life and light!
 Ransomed nation spread the story!
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
 All his grace, and all his glory,
 O proclaim for evermore!

54 *God seen in his Works and Word. C. M.*

WE seem to hear a voice of praise,
 Here, 'mid the leafy bowers;
 From murmuring streams whose crystal maze
 Doth cheer the thirsty flowers.

- 2 But louder where yon lofty trees
 By summer's hand are drest;
 It swells on every gentle breeze,
 From bough, and spray, and nest.

- 3 But if the things by nature taught
Pour music o'er the sod,
How high should rise our raptured thought,
Who learn the word of God!

55

The Anniversary.

C. M.

L ORD, we are spared again to meet
On this rejoicing day;
To bow before thy mercy-seat,
To praise thee, and to pray.

- 2 Many, since last we gathered here,
Have passed away like flowers;
Perhaps before another year,
Their dwelling may be ours!

- 3 To Jesus every eye we raise,
On him for mercy rest;
Young children, in his mortal days,
He folded to his breast.

- 4 Young children, at his Father's side,
He still with pity views;
And pleading that for such he died,
Their sinful hearts renews.

- 5 Lord to thine open arms we fly,
And seek our safety there;
Then shall we have no fear to die,
If thou our hearts prepare.

56

Sunday-school Celebration.

7s, 6s.

WE meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise:
'Twas his kind hand that kept us
Through all his changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2 We'll thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book that we love best —
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod —
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may thy gracious scepter
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.

Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

57 *Anniversary Hymn.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

L ORD, we thank thee, thou hast spoken
By the word of grace again;
Every heart and bosom open,
That the seed may there remain;
Grant in mercy
That it be not sown in vain.

2 Thanks we give for thy protection
O'er our path another year;
Still we pray for thy direction
While we walk as pilgrims here;
Safe our journey,
Only safe while thou art near.

3 And when death shall hover o'er us,
When we come to Jordan's tide,
Thou, who passedst through before us,
Be our Guardian and our Guide;
Still protect us
Till we land on Canaan's side.

4 Angels, in the realms of glory,
Hymn thy love to fallen man;
There we too would swell the story
Of thy mercy's wondrous plan,
And would praise thee—
Praise thee more than angels can.

58

Sunday-school Dedication.

L. M.

- IN fervent prayer, with holy praise,
 This building now we consecrate;
 To train the young, from early days,
 To know Thy will, their sins to hate.
- 2 To teach them how and where to find
 The grace that saves from Satan's reign;
 To love their God with heart and mind,
 And from forbidden ways refrain.
- 3 To read and learn a Saviour's grace,
 Who on the cross himself he gave
 For them, — and all the fallen race, —
 Jesus, the mighty Lord, to save.
- 4 May all the children who attend
 Within these walls, thy children be;
 And with their teachers ever spend,
 With thee, a blest eternity.

59

Opening of a Sabbath-school Room.

8s.

- WITH grateful delight we survey
 The work of this building complete;
 We bless thee, dear Saviour, this day,
 We here are permitted to meet.
- 2 But what will this structure avail,
 Unless thy kind presence is here?
 Our work will most certainly fail;
 No fruit unto God will appear.

- 3 But sweet are thy promises, Lord —
On these let us ever depend;
They teach, where thy name we record,
Thy presence and grace will attend.

60 *Sunday-school Celebration.* L. M.

Congregation.

GREAT God, accept our songs of praise
Which we would to thy honor raise,
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour, God.

Children.

- 2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who love and pity show,
In kindly pointing out the road
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Congregation.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own:
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To carry on this great design.

Children.

- 4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Congregation.

- 5 With those dear children we'll unite;
 Their songs inspire us with delight:
 Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
 May angels join the notes above.

Children.

- 6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

Congregation.

And crown thy work with great success;

Both.

O may we meet around thy throne,
 To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

61 *Opening of a Sunday-School Room.* **7s.**

HALLOW'D be this humble spot,
 Like the place of Jacob's bed:
 God was there—he knew it not
 Till heaven open'd o'er his head.

- 2 Not in visions of the night,
 God of Jacob! on our way,
 But in noon of gospel light
 Here thy power and grace display.

- 3 Oft on embassies of love
 Be descending angels sent,
 And, returning, spread above
 Joy o'er sinners that repent.

- 4 Here the children's angels see
Little ones to Jesus brought,
In thy nurture train'd for thee,
By thine admonition taught.
- 5 While thy ministers declare
All the counsel of thy will,
Lord, thy people's hearts prepare
Every precept to fulfil.
- 6 Here, when all that live are dead,
And successors fill their place,
Age by age may souls be led,
In this house, to seek thy face.

62

Independence-Day.

C. M.

WITH joy we meet,
With smiles we greet,
Our schoolmates bright and gay;
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here—
'Tis Independence-Day.

2 'Tis freedom's sound
That rings around,
And brightens every ray:
Our banner floats,
With trumpet notes,
On Independence-Day.

3 While thunder breaks,
And music wakes
Its patriotic lay,
At temple-gate
Our feet shall wait
On Independence-Day.

4 O who from home
Would fail to come
And join the children's lay,
When praise we bring
To God our King,
On Independence-Day?

5 For liberty,
Great God, to thee
Our grateful thanks we pay;
For thanks, we know,
To thee we owe,
On Independence-Day.

63

National Praise.

8s, 7s.

UP to thee, almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us while our songs we raise.

2 Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand;
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favored land.

- 3 While a nation's heart is leaping,
 Mighty in its gushing joy,
 May the song of adoration
 All its grateful powers employ.
- 4 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom;
 Thine the power and glory be;
 Thine through endless ages rolling,
 Thine throughout eternity.

64 *Freedom of the Bible.* 7s, 6s.

- ONCE more with hallowed feeling,
 We join the blest employ,
 Our nation's praises pealing
 In songs of festive joy;
 And back the loud hosanna
 Shall roll from sea to sea,
 Till mountain and savanna
 Re-echo—"We are free!"
- 2 We love the Book which lighted
 The glow of patriot-fires,
 When Freedom was benighted,
 In the bosoms of our sires.
 They shed their blood to save us,
 And gained our liberty;
 But the greatest boon they gave us—
 The Bible was made free!
- 3 Our land is Virtue's dwelling,
 Here Science builds her shrine,
 And happy hearts are swelling
 With joys almost divine;

And we in emulation,
Here pledge ourselves to be
The guardians of the Nation—
We'll keep the Bible free!

4 Then come, with hallowed feeling,
Join in the blest employ,
Our nation's praises pealing
In songs of festive joy,
Till back the loud hosanna
Shall roll from sea to sea,
From mountain and savanna,—
We'll keep the Bible free!

65

National Hymn.

6s, 4s.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

66 *Fourth of July.* 8s, 7s, 4.

GOD of every land and nation,
On this glorious jubilee,
Let the incense of oblation
From each heart arise to thee.
Save our country:
Long preserve her liberty.

2 Let thy richest blessings ever
Rest upon our happy land;
May no fierce contention sever
The confederated band;
In sweet union
May we still unshaken stand.

3 May we all be safely guided,
Saviour, by thy gracious will;
When life's storms shall have subsided,
And our tongues in death are still,
May we praise thee,
Where immortal glories thrill.


67 *Anniversary of Independence.* 7s, 6s.

WE come with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays;
For 'tis a hallow'd story,
This theme of freedom's birth;
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echo'd round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear—
Proud man shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near;
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crown'd,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.

O God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest:
Our *fathers* bow'd before thee,
And trusted, and were blest.



GOD THE FATHER.

68

There is a God.

L. M.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

2 His name is God! he gave me birth;
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree and plant that grows,
To the same hand its being owes.

3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;
And when I close my slumbering eye
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4 Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above:
For very kind indeed is he,
To love a humble child like me.

69

Perfections of God.

L. M.

ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come;
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou forever art the same,
"I am" is thy memorial still.

70

God's Wisdom in Creation.

C. M.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But Heaven gave it birth.
- 4 There's not a place in heaven's vast round,
 In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
 For God is everywhere.

71

Praise to God.

S. M.

- A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
 Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress,
 Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

72

Love of God.

7s.

SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright world above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
He by all must be obeyed;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below!

3 God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

73

The all-seeing God.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book

74

Samuel.

H. M.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
 And heard his Maker's voice,
 At every word He spoke,
 How much did he rejoice!
 Oh, blessed, happy child, to find
 The God of heaven so near and kind.

- 2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy should I be!
 Oh! how would I attend!
 The smallest sin I then should fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
Oh, yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

75

Support in God.

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

76

God is Love.

7s.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, "God is love."

- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen, "God is love."
- 3 All the charities that start
From the fountains of the heart,
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is love."
- 4 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
All are voices from above,
Loudly sounding, "*God is love.*"

CHRIST.

77 *Crown Him Lord of all.* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

78 *The Friend.* 8s, 7s.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled, in him, to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above.

79 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumph of his grace.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim, —
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! — the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

80

Christ the King of Saints.

H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Children give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

81

Christ our Refuge.

7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee!
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity!

82

Christ's Love to the Young.

C. M.

WHEN the Redeemer left his throne
And dwelt with men below;
It was his glorious work to bless,
And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claimed his aid,
 Nor sought relief in vain;
 When parents owned his gracious help,
 He blessed their infant train.

And now, though Jesus reigns above,
 He makes the young his care;
 And helpless children still he owns,
 And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read thy word
 Which makes the foolish wise;
 O may we know a Saviour's name,
 And learn his worth to prize.

83

Christ our All.

8s, 7s.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross,
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else we count are loss.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour
 Only source of all that's good.
 Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favor
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
 By his Spirit sent from heav'n;
 Whispers this transporting sentence,
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he grants us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize:
 Want we wisdom? he must give it;
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires.
 All our prayers, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus;
 He that answers is the same.

84 *The Saviour's excellence.* 7s.

- EVER patient, gentle, meek,
 Holy Saviour, was thy mind;
 Vainly in myself I seek
 Likeness to my Lord to find;
 Yet, that mind that was in thee,
 May be, must be, found in me.
- 2 Though such griefs were thine to bear,
 For each sufferer thou couldst feel;
 Every mourner's burden share,
 Every wounded spirit heal;
 Saviour, let thy grace in me
 Form that mind which was in thee.
- 3 When my pain is most intense,
 Let thy cross my lesson prove;
 Let me hear thee e'en from thence,
 Breathing words of peace and love;
 Saviour, let thy grace in me
 Form that mind which was in thee.

85

Christ the True Vine.

L. M.

JESUS, thou true and living Vine,
Make me by faith a child of thine;
That I a living branch may be,
Abiding always, Lord, in thee.

- 2 Now to my soul thy life impart,
Come and abide within my heart;
May ample grace thy Spirit give,
That to thy glory I may live.
- 3 Beneath my heavenly Father's care
"Fruits of the Spirit" may I bear—
Humility, and faith, and love:
And so thy true disciple prove.
- 4 Saviour, a tender branch am I;
Sever'd from thee my soul would die:
For life, for strength, I must entwine,
And cling around the living Vine.
- 5 To me eternal life supply;
Then shall I never, never die—
But when transplanted by thy love
Bloom in thy Paradise above.

86

Christ the Rock.

7s.

ROCK of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure, —
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

87

Jesus lives.

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives —
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives — all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
Oh! the sweet joy this sentence gives, —
I know that my Redeemer lives.

88

Learning to love.

7s.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all my steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy:
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

89

Christ the Fountain.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

90

The name of Jesus.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

- 3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

91

Praise to Christ.

8s, 7s.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By thy merits we find favor,
 Life is given through thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb! by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood,
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee
 Seated at thy Father's side;

There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding
 Till in glory we appear.

92 *The Example of Christ.* 8s, 7s.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me:
 O that in my whole behavior,
 He my pattern still might be.

2 All my nature is unholy,
 Pride and passion dwell within;
 But the Lord was meek and lowly,
 And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.

4 Lord, assist a feeble creature;
 Guide me by thy word of truth;
 Condescend to be my teacher
 Through my childhood and my youth.

93 *The way, the truth, and the life.* C. M.

THOU art the way; to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

- 2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
 And those who put their trust in thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life,
 Grant us to know that way,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Which leads to endless day.

94 *The Sun of Righteousness.* L. M.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
 With gentle beams on Zion shine;
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
 Our souls awake to life divine.

- 2 On all around, let grace descend,
 Like heavenly dew or copious showers;
 That we may call our God our Friend;
 That we may hail salvation ours.

95 *Christ as a child.* 7s, 6s.

THE author of salvation,
 The Saviour meek and mild,
 Once took a lowly station,
 Became a little child.

In infancy a stranger,
 How mean was his abode!
 His cradle was a manger,
 Himself the Son of God.

- 2 His earthly parents found him
 Submissive day by day,
 So meek to all around him,
 So ready to obey.
 No stain of sin or folly
 Could ever cloud his brow;
 His heart so pure and holy
 With love would ever glow.
- 3 And when his foes assail'd him,
 He sought but to forgive;
 When to the cross they nail'd him,
 He died that they might live.
 This bright example shows us
 What duties to fulfil:
 Oh, let it now arouse us
 To learn and do his will!

96

Jesus became a child.

S. M.

JESUS appeared on earth,
 Not as a prince or king;
 He came a child of heavenly birth,
 Good will and peace to bring.

- 2 The young received his love,
 His blessing and his care,
 And still, though now he reigns above,
 His tenderest love they share.

- 3 May we this day begin
 To love the ways of truth;
 To shun the slippery paths of sin,
 And walk with God in youth
-

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

97 *Influence of the Spirit.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to my blest abode.

- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire?
 O kindle now the sacred flame,
 Make me to burn with pure desire.

- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see;
 O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

98 *Prayer for Sanctification.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part
And new-create the whole.
- 4 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence dost withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall,
To terror, sin, and law.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

99

Prayer for the Spirit.

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

100

The Spirit's Influence.

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so cold, so faint to thee,
And thine to us so great?

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

101

To the Spirit.

L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all who e'er thy grace received;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High-Priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

102 *The Spirit Invoked.* C. M.

CELESTIAL Dove, come from above,
 And guide me in thy ways:
 My heart prepare for solemn prayer,
 And tune my lips to praise.

- 2 Open mine eyes and make me wise,
 My interest to discern:
 From every sin, without, within,
 Incline my heart to turn.
- 3 Fly to my aid when I'm afraid
 Or plunged in deep distress:
 My foes subdue, and bring me through
 This howling wilderness.

103 *The Spirit sent.* S. M.

JESUS now reigns above,
 And sends his Spirit down,
 To show the wonders of his love,
 And make his Gospel known.

2 O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all his servants preach,
And all his saints believe.

3 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

104 *For the Spirit and help.* 8s, 7s.

LET thy Spirit, Lord, descending,
Rest upon each youthful heart:
May his grace our work attending,
Heavenly life and love impart!

2 Let thy presence go before us,
Through this wilderness of sin!
Spread thy sheltering pinions o'er us,
Light the lamp of truth within!

3 O thou good and gracious Father,
Write on us thy saving name!
O thou gentle Shepherd, gather
With thine arm each little lamb!

4 Feed us in thy verdant meadows,
Lead us by thy quiet streams,
Till beyond the vale of shadows,
Heaven's unclouded glory beams!

105

Prayer for the Spirit.

L. M.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love;
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy God-like pow'r be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
 While all their glowing souls are borne
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O let a holy flock await,
 Num'rous around thy temple gate;
 Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
 A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
 O may we see thy Church arise;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Teach us to mourn its low estate.

106

Father, Son, and Spirit.

L. M.

FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls has found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy saving grace extend.

- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath,
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Eternal Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.



THE SOUL.

107

The Soul.

C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death;
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.

- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

108

The Soul.

C. M.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
 The world can never buy;
 And while eternal ages roll,
 It will not, cannot die.

- 2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
 Where happy spirits dwell,
 Or, buried with the wicked, lie
 Deep in the woes of hell.
- 3 The soul by numerous sins defiled
 Can never enter heaven,
 Till God and it be reconciled,
 And all its sins forgiven:
- 4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
 In perfect righteousness;
 Cleans'd by the Saviour's dying pains,
 Renew'd by sovereign grace.

- 5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace!
 And let it holy be;
 Array'd in thine own holiness,
 And meet to dwell with thee.



SIN AND THE LAW.

109

Sin.

C. M.

SIN is to break the holy law,
 That law which God has given;
 We know that Adam, for his sin,
 From Paradise was driven.

- 2 God's holy law forbids all sin,
 Yet we have disobey'd,
 By outward acts and thoughts within,
 That law which God has made.

- 3 But if we now with sorrow pray
 That we may be forgiv'n,
 The Lord will take our sins away
 And make us fit for heaven.

110

Corrupt nature from Adam.

C. M.

BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
 Our father Adam stood,
 Till he debas'd his soul with sense,
 And ate th' unlawful food.

- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

111 *Progress and Consequence of Sin.* S. M.

OUR evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds:
At first we think some wicked thing,
Then practise sinful deeds.

- 2 Wherever sin begins,
It tends to death and woe;
And he who heeds not little sins
A sinner's doom shall know.

3 O for a holy fear
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.

112

Examination.

C. M.

COME, let us search our ways and see
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim?

3 Have we ne'er envied others' good,
Nor envied others' praise?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor used detraction's ways?

4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's wo?
The scorn, which wrings the suff'rer's breast,
Have we abhorr'd to show?

5 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
To God, the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

113 *The Deceitfulness of Sin.* C. M.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind:
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

114 *The Folly and Crime of Delay.* C. M.

O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by!
For now is the accepted time;
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind—
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day;
Then they would give a world of gold,
To have an hour to pray.

4 O, then, lest we should perish thus,
Let us no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

115

Sins of the Lips.

C. M. D.

O GOD, with meekness we confess
Our lips are not our own,
And in thy service should be used,
As they are thine alone:
For thou, O Lord, our lips hast made,
And in the judgment-day,
How strict the reckoning thou wilt take
Of everything we say!

2 Yes, words of bitter, angry strife,
And foolish words and vain,
And false, and envious, and unclean,
And words that are profane,—
All, all are heard, O Lord, by thee,
And if not now forgiven,
However idly utter'd here,
Will keep us out of heaven.

3 Lord, set a watch unto our lips,
And guard our tongues from sin;
And, lest we ever should offend,
Create us pure within.
All our past words of sin forgive,
Which we to thee confess,
And help us that henceforward, Lord,
Our lips may not transgress.

GOSPEL CALL.

116

Seeking God early.

S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy fathers' God obey:
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

117

Youthful Piety.

C. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

- 2 Remember thy Creator now;
 Seek him while he is near:
 For evil days will come, when thou,
 Shalt find no comfort here.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now—
 His willing servant be;
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
 He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
 Thy heavenly voice to hear;
 Let all our future days be thine,
 Devoted to thy fear.

118

Children invited to Christ.

7s.

- CHILDREN! listen to the Lord,
 Now obey his gracious word;
 Seek his face with heart and mind;
 Early seek, and you shall find.
- 2 Sorrowful your sins confess;
 Plead his saving righteousness;
 See the Saviour's bleeding side;—
 Come! you will not be denied.
- 3 For his worship now prepare;
 Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
 Serve him with a perfect heart;
 Never from his ways depart.

119

Early seek God.

C. M.

IF you will turn away from sin
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
And take your guilt away.

2 He'll show you all his matchless love,
He'll make you heirs of light;
And give you grace, that you may prove
Still faithful in his sight.

3 He'll lead you in the pleasant way
Of holiness and peace;
And guide you thus to endless day,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

4 O stay not in the road to death,
But to the Saviour come;
And, when you lose life's fleeting breath,
He'll send and take you home.

120

The Danger of Delay.

L. M.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

121

Early Consecration.

C. M.

I N the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys
That now return no more.

- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

122

The Wise Choice.

C. M.

- YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

123

Jesus a Refuge.

7s.

O H! ye children, stop and think;
 Turn away from ruin's brink;
 Shun the wicked liar's path;
 Fly from scenes of strife and wrath;
 Read with prayer the holy Word;
 Follow Jesus Christ the Lord.

2 Jesus is the Christian's rock;
 He will safely guide his flock;
 In his arms the lambs will bear:
 Children, seek your refuge there;
 Of your Saviour stop and think;
 Fly to Him from ruin's brink!

124

Invitation to Christ.

S. M.

C OME, children, come to God;
 Cast all your sins away;
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
 Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come;
 For Jesus bled and died,
 That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come,
 When God vouchsafes to call;
 For fearful will their end be found
 On whom his wrath shall fall.

- 4 Come, then, whoever will;
 Come while 'tis call'd to-day;
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
 Repent, believe, obey.

125

The great Concern.

C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 Or for an early tomb.

- 3 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne;
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own.

- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be joined with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

126

Come to Jesus.

S. M.

COME to the mercy-seat—
 Come to the place of prayer;
 Come, little children, to His feet,
 In whom we live and are!

2 Come to your God in prayer —
 Come to your Saviour now —
 While youthful skies are bright and fair,
 And health is on your brow.

3 Come in the name of Him
 Who all your sorrows bore —
 Who ever lives to pardon sin,
 And will be sought by prayer.

127

Give Me thy Heart.

78.

HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,
 To the list'ning spirit given?
 "Children, come," it seems to say;
 "Give your hearts to me to-day."

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
 Tender as the heavenly Dove;
 Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
 Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord, we will remember thee,
 While from pains and sorrow free;
 While our day is in its dew,
 And the cares of life are few.

4 While to thee, O Lord, we come
 In our morning's early bloom,
 Breathe on us thy grace divine,
 Take our hearts and make them thine.

128

Come, ye Sinners.

8s, 7s, 4s.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Hasten! at his footstool fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

129

"Lord help my unbelief."

C. M.

THERE is a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

2 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

3 To the bless'd fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

130

The Narrow Way.

C. M.

THERE is a path that leads to God —
All others go astray:
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
That I may never stray.

131 *Youth devoted to God.* C. M.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To seek religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for length of days,
Or fit for early death.

132

The Gospel Trumpet.

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonig Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE MERCY.

133

Penitence.

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite trust in thee?

- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace
Against thy law, against thy grace;
And, though my pray'r thou shouldst not hear,
My doom is just and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord!
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain;
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.

134

Seek, and ye shall find. 8s, 7s, 4s.

LET us now, with hearts united,
Seek and praise our God above;
Far too long we him have slighted:
But if now we seek his love,
We shall find him
And our souls he will approve.

- 2 If we seek him through the Saviour,
Pleading all he did below,
We shall surely find his favor,
And be saved from endless woe;
And to heaven,
After death, our souls will go.
- 3 If we seek his Holy Spirit
In our young and early days,
He will grant, through Jesus' merit,
Rich supplies of heavenly grace;
And will fit us
For eternal songs of praise.

135 *A broken Heart I bring.* L. M.

- O THOU that hearest when sinners cry;
Though all my crimes before thee lie;
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I sin no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

136

The Heart given to God.

8s, 7s.

TAKE my heart, O Father, take it;
Make and keep it all thine own:
Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to heaven.

137

Sin Confessed.

C. M.

LORD, I confess before thy face,
How wicked I have been;
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And pardon all my sin.

2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray:
My passions and my pride;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

- 3 For Jesus' sake, forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace another time,
To act a better part.

138

Deploring Sin.

S. M.

L ORD! I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

- 2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean;
O write my name above!

139

For a new Heart.

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

140

Contrition's Sigh.

S. M.

- O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye, —
- 2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, — Return?
- 3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this last refuge fail, —
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray, —
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 5 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

141

Sin Confessed.

7s.

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, O hear my earnest cry:
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this guilty, broken heart:
Justly might thy righteous breath
Doom me to eternal death.

3 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

142

God's blessing asked.

C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my way
To keep his statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And, should I e'er forget thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

143

Walking with God.

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

144

The hard Heart.

C. M.

- WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do
Who feels with guilt opprest?
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.
- 2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
My temper apt to rise;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.
- 3 And yet if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry;
Some thoughts of folly or of play
Prevent me when I try.
- 4 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.
- 5 O look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard;
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.-

145

The Child's Petition.

8s, 7s.

LOVING Jesus, high and holy,
Gentle, pure, and undefiled,
Canst thou bend thine ear so lowly
As to hear a little child?
Weak and sinful, I have wandered
Everywhere that Satan led;
Now I turn to thee, my Saviour,
Shall I not be comforted?

2 Oh, forgive me; Oh, forgive me!

Hear a helpless sinner cry;
Shepherd, in thy fold receive me,
Grant me mercy ere I die;
And when Satan tries to tempt me,
To his arts I will not yield:
Christ, my strength, do thou defend me,
And protect me by thy shield.

146

My peace I give unto you.

7s, 6s.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

- 2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee!
No, my God, I cannot doubt:
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possessed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!
- 3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth or heav'n;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
- 4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath!
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

147

The Stubborn Heart.

L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought !—unmoved I hear !
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed ;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need :
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.



SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

148

I come to Jesus.

7s, 6s.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
I The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.

10 *

H

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
- 3 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
- 5 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

149

Hymn to the Saviour.

8s, 7s.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
 Whilst, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love,
 That blessed moment I received him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

150

Praise for Redemption.

C. M.

- PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

151

Christ our Sacrifice.

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away; -
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

152

Tribute to the Lamb.

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus!"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

153

Christ died for me.

C. M.

L ORD, to thy mercy-seat I come,
And bow before thy throne;
Here at thy footstool will I plead
 The merits of thy Son.

2 Though crimes of deepest dye appear,
 And justice bids thee slay;
Yet in thy mercy will I trust,
 To wash my sins away.

3 My only hope is in that blood,
 For me on Calvary shed;
My only plea is this, — for me,
 For me my Saviour bled.

154

Just as I am.

L. M.

JUST as I am — without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee —
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am — and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am — though toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within and wars without —
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am — thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe —
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am — thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down:
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

155

Faith looking to Christ.

6s, 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine!
 Now hear me while I pray:
 Take all my guilt away:
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire:
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be —
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide:
 Bid darkness turn to day
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

156

Coming to Christ.

78.

JESUS bids me seek his face;
 Lord, I come to ask thy grace;
 Send thy Spirit from above,
 Teach me to obey and love:
 Unto thee I fain would go,
 All I want thou canst bestow.

2 Thou wilt e'en a child receive;
 Thou wilt all my sins forgive:
 O dissolve this heart of stone,
 Make me thine, and thine alone;
 Sin is present with me still,
 Disobedient is my will.

- 3 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail;
O my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

157 *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

158 *Let Children praise the Saviour.* S. M.

TO praise the Saviour's name,
Let every child now try;
While saints and angels do the same
In the bright world on high.

- 2 His love in heaven is sung,
His name is there adored;
And children here, however young,
May learn to praise the Lord.
- 3 The wonders of that love
No earthly tongue can tell,
Which brought the Saviour from above,
To save our souls from hell.
- 4 For us he wept and bled,
And suffered all his pain;
For us was numbered with the dead,
And rose to life again.
- 5 And still for us he prays,
And makes our souls his care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
And listens to our prayer.

159

The Joyful Sound.

C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

160 *Salvation in none other than Jesus.* L. M.

IN vain would boasting reason find
The path to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

2 Jesus, thy words alone impart
Eternal life ; on these I live ;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the pow'rs of nature give.

3 Here let my constant feet abide ;
Thou art the true, the living way ;
Let thy good Spirit be my guide
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 The various forms that men devise,
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
I scorn as vanity and lies,
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

161

Praise to the Lamb.

S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the exalted King.

4 Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND DUTY.

162

Confession and Prayer.

C. M

A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

- 2 From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been ;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.
- 3 But God can change this evil heart,
And give a holy mind,
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.
- 4 To heav'n can reach the softest word,
A child's repenting prayer ;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.
- 5 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore ;
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

163

For Sustaining Grace.

L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou ;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow ;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

- 2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way ;
Protect me through my life's short day :
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

164

Watchfulness and Prayer.

C. M.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

- 4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

165

Leave me not to stray.

7s.

WEAK and wandering though I be,
 Lord, in love remember me;
 Leave me not from thee to stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way.

- 2 With my face to Zionward,
 Ever following thee, my Lord;
 Let not pleasure, gain, or pride,
 Tempt my youthful heart aside.

- 3 Keep me ever with thine eye,
 Till I safely rest on high;
 There for ever thee adore,
 Where I cannot leave thee more.

166

Jesus the Shepherd.

S. M.

JESUS my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.

- 2 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep

3 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!

4 I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

167 *Religion insures happiness.* 7s.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

168 *Religion brings joy.* 7s, 6s.

IT is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day;
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away;
It is not friends that leave us,
It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.

- 2 But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy beyond earth's control;
Rich from the throne it springeth,
A fountain to the soul.
He that is meek and lowly,
The Saviour's face shall see;
To none but to the holy,
Heaven's gates shall opened be.
- 3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,
While we thy words are taught;
And may these days that cheer us,
With future good be fraught;
May we, to heaven invited,
When youth and life are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
Assemble round the throne.

169

On recovery from Sickness.

C. M.

- MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
Upon thy faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

- 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

170 *The best treasure.* 7s, 6s, 8s, 6s.

THE pearl that worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis called the pearl of greatest price;
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me.

- 2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee;
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love;
For ever bright 'twill be;
O that's the crown for me.

- 3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood;
The passage here is free;
O that's the road for me.

- 4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish
Unless from sin made free.
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee:
O that's the hope for me.

171

Happy Day.

L. M.

- I'M glad I ever saw the day,
When first I learned to sing and pray;
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing,
And praise my Saviour and my King.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day—
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
- 2 I hope to love him till I die,
Then shout his praise above the sky;
I'll sing through all the courts above,
The triumphs of redeeming love.
He taught me, etc.
- 3 A few more rising suns at most,
And we shall join the ransom'd host;
Upon Mount Sion we shall meet,
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet.
He taught me, etc.

172

Consecration to God.

7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host.

Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me, for thy service claim,
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers!
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart—but make it new!

4 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

173

Self-consecration.

8s.

O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine!
I yield to thy blessed control,
My body and spirit are thine.

2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee:
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled:
Myself I have given away;
O call me thine own willing child.

4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
Oh, bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

174

Sitting at the foot of the Cross.

8s, 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

175

Do the right.

6s, 5s.

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word:
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

- 2 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still;
And he fain would tempt you
To all harm and ill.
- 3 But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.
- 4 If ye would be Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad that's in you,
And to do the right.

5 Christ is your own Master—
He is good and true,
And his young disciples
Should be holy too.

176

Joy of Obedience.

C. M.

THIRCE happy souls, who, born of heav'n,
Whilst yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried;
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be pass'd:
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

177 *The Righteous and Wicked.* S. M.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Amongst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

178

Blessedness of goodness.

C. M.

O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A child of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

- 2 When envy, strife, and war begin
In little angry souls;
Mark, how the sons of peace come in
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek
No furious passions rise;
Nor malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursued;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

179

Following the Faithful.

S. M.

I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk the path of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

- 2 They will my faults reprove
When heedlessly I err:
How do I prize their faithful love;
Their kind and tender care!
- 3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.
- 4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.
- 5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

180

Duty to Orphans.

C. M.

YE children whom a father's care
And friends and home have bless'd,
'Tis yours to hear the orphan's prayer
And give the orphan rest.

- 2 'Tis yours to soothe the throbbing breast,
To bid his sorrows cease,
And on the heart by grief oppress'd
To pour the balm of peace.

- 3 'Tis sweet, by gentle pity stirr'd,
The wretched to relieve;
"More bless'd," as saith the sacred word,
"To give than to receive."
- 4 Then let us bring our little store,
'Twill thus be nobly spent;
For what is given to the poor
Unto the Lord is lent.

181

Duty to the Heathen.

H. M.

- ON many a foreign shore
Poor pagan children now
The basest things adore —
To horrid idols bow;
Images, carved from stone or trees;
Their helpless gods are such as these.
- 2 But we, from earliest youth,
Have been to knowledge led;
We read the Word of truth;
We hear what God has said;
The mercy, undeserved, we own,
That makes to us a Saviour known.
- 3 We would to them convey,
As well as yet we can,
The knowledge of that way
That pardon brings to man:
We humbly ask thy goodness, Lord,
To send thy blessed truth abroad.

- 4 Nor suffer us to stand
 Beneath the gospel day,
 With Bibles in our hand,
 As far from God as they:
 O let us not at last be found
 Heathens, though born on Christian ground.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

PRAYER.

182 *What is Prayer.* C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say — "Behold, he prays."

183

The Mercy-Seat.

L. M.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads —
A place of all on earth most sweet —
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

184

Encouragement to Prayer.

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

185

Christ's Promise.

S. M.

“**A**SK, and ye shall receive;”
This promise—O, how free;
Lord, help me firmly to believe
That promise made for me.

- 2 Much need have I to pray,
Pardon and grace I seek;
Defence and guidance every day,
And strength, for I am weak.

- 3 My prayer do thou inspire,
And O, that prayer receive:
Lord teach me what I should desire;
Lord, help me to believe.

186

The Lord Hears.

C. M.

- THE Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.
- 2 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.
- 3 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart,
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

187

Lord help us.

S. M.

- L ORD, help us as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.
- 2 Lord, help us as we sing,
To mean the words we use,
And not to mock our heavenly King,
And all his love abuse.

- 3 Lord, help us as we hear,
To treasure up thy truth,
That we may live in holy fear,
And shun the sins of youth.
- 4 Lord, help us while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
The aid of thy good Spirit give;
In mercy be our guide.

188

A Hymn Prayer.

7s.

- BEST of Parents, hear me now,
As to thee I humbly bow;
Hearken to thy lisping child,
Be my Father reconciled.
- 2 Let thy Spirit be my guide;
O'er my heart and life preside;
Gifts to thee I then shall bring,
And thy praise forever sing.
- 3 Strength in every duty give;
Wisely, meekly may I live;
Joyfully my work fulfil,
Ever faithful to thy will.
- 4 On me now thy grace bestow;
May it o'er my pathway flow;
Let thy gospel be my food,
As I travel home to God.

189

Design of Prayer.

L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give:
 Long as they live should Christians pray;
 For only when they pray they live.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 If guilt deject; if sin distress;
 The remedy's before thee — pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
 Though thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 Fear not; his merits must prevail;
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

190

How to pray aright.

S. M.

I OFTEN say my prayers,
 But do I ever pray?
 Or do the wishes of my heart
 Suggest the words I say?

- 2 'Tis useless to implore,
 Unless I feel my need;
 Unless 'tis from a sense of want
 That all my prayers proceed.

- 3 I may as well kneel down
 And worship gods of stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone.
- 4 For words without the heart
 The Lord will never hear;
 Nor will he ever those regard
 Whose prayers are insincere.
- 5 Lord! teach me what I want,
 And teach me how to pray;
 Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
 Not feeling what I say.

191

God everywhere.

7s.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
 Find that throne in every place;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

- 2 In our sickness or our health,
 In our want or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—
 God is present everywhere.

- 4 Then my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.
-

THE BIBLE.

192

What a Treasure.

8s, 7s.

- WHAT a mercy, what a treasure,
We possess in God's own word!
Where we read with sacred pleasure
Of the love of Christ our Lord.
- 2 That blest word reveals the Saviour,
Whom our souls so deeply need,
O what mercy, love, and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed.
- 3 While each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee,
In this happy land, salvation
Clearly is revealed to me.
- 4 O the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love,
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

193

My Bible.

L. M.

MY Bible! 'tis a book divine,
 Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
 And wisdom speaks in every line,
 And speaks to me.

2 My Bible! in this book alone
 I find God's holy will made known;
 And here his love to man is shown—
 His love to me.

3 My Bible! here with joy I trace
 The records of redeeming grace;
 Glad tidings of a sinful race;
 Good news to me.

4 My Bible! here it is I read
 How Jesus did for sinners bleed;
 O, this was wondrous love indeed!
 Christ bled for me.

5 I love my Bible! may I ne'er
 Consult it but with faith and prayer,
 That I may see my Saviour there,
 Who died for me!

194

For what is it mine?

7s.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
 Precious treasure! thou art mine!
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;
 Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
O thou precious book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine .

195

Preciousness of the Bible.

C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

196

The Bible.

11s.

THE Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold,
 The hopes and the glories its pages unfold :
 It speaks of salvation, wide opens the door,
 Its offers are free, to the rich and the poor.

- 2 The Bible, the Bible ! blest volume of truth,
 How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth
 It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
 Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.
- 3 The Bible, the Bible ! the valleys shall ring,
 And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing ;
 Our banners inscribed with its precepts and
 rules,
 Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our
 schools.

197

The Law of the Lord.

L. M.

THIS is a precious book indeed !
 Happy the child who loves to read !
 'Tis God's own Word, which he has given,
 To show our souls the way to heaven.

- 2 It tells us how the world was made
 And how good men the Lord obey'd !
 Here his commands are written too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die ;
 It points to heaven where angels dwell,
 And warns us to escape from hell.

- 4 But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died ;
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

198

The Bible a Treasure.

C. M.

THIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
Those children are divinely wise
Who make that pearl their own.

- 2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

199

The Guide of the Young.

C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
O may its precepts guide our youth,
And well support our age.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Lord, send thy word to every heart,
By thine almighty voice:
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

200

How to read the Bible.

C. M.

- JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.
- 3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

- 4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.
-

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

201

Grace to Profit.

L. M.

L ORD, in thy temple we appear,
And hear thy word from day to day,
Grant us thy grace, that as we hear,
Our hearts may answer and obey.

- 2 If we neglect, how great our loss!
The Father calls us to his home,
The Saviour calls us to his cross,
The Spirit and the Church say, "Come."
- 3 God of our first and earliest days,
Accept our hearts and make us thine,
And we will yield eternal praise,
In realms celestial and divine.

202

Love to the Church.

S. M.

I LOVE thy Zion, Lord!
The house of thy abode;
The Church, O blest Redeemer! saved
With thy own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye
 And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons
 My voice or hands deny:
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare and her woe:
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

203 *Worship of God delightful.* L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee;
 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word:
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

204'

Sanctuary Worship.

7s.

- TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
May thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

- 3 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part;
They move the lip and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with their heart.
- 4 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

208 *Delights of Public Worship.* 7s.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
LE'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with sacred songs of joy;
We our happy days employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.
- 14

BAPTISM.

209

Newness of life.

C. M.

BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die:
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned, divinely fair;
Yet owns himself our brother still,
And our forerunner there.

210

Baptismal consecration.

H. M.

BAPTIZED into thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to thee:
We only live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.

2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
Of constant holiness!
Then, then receive us to adore
The Triune God for evermore.

211

Baptism of adults.

C. M.

PROCLAIM, said Christ, my wondrous grace
 To all the sons of men;
 He who believes and is baptiz'd
 Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
 Who, hoping in his word,
 This day have publicly declar'd,
 That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
 And run the Christian race;
 And in the troubles of the way
 Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes
 To call their souls away,
 May they be found prepar'd to live
 In realms of endless day.

212

"Forbid them not."

H. M.

"FORBID them not to come!"
 It is the Saviour's voice:
 And now in childhood's bloom,
 We tremble and rejoice.
 Subdue our hearts, O Lord, to thee
 Let every soul thy temple be.

2 "Forbid them not to come!"
 Ye tender parents hear:
 The child in nature's gloom
 Entreats your ardent prayer.
 O take us to thy mercy-seat,
 And lay us down at Jesus' feet.

213 *An Appeal from Baptism.* 8s, 7s.

I N thy baptism God hath plighted
 Thee his truth, eternal, sure;
 Hast thou this thy cov'nant slighted?
 Still his promise must endure.

2 'Tis an ever faithful sentence:
 "Jesus sinners will receive."
 Come again in true repentance;
 Turn again and thou shalt live.

3 To his heart how proudly yearning,
 Calling, waiting, day by day;
 Why then art thou not returning?
 Come, nor longer from him stray.

214 8s, 7s, 4s.

Grateful acknowledgment of Baptism.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 I'm baptized in thy dear name;
 In the seed thou dost inherit,
 With the people thou dost claim,
 I am reckoned;
 And for me the Saviour came.

- 2 Thou receivest me, O Father,
As a child and heir of thine;
Jesus, thou who died'st, yea, rather
Ever lovest, thou art mine.
Thou, O Spirit,
Art my guide, my light divine.
- 3 I have pledged, and would not falter,
Truth; obedience, love to thee;
I have vows upon thine altar,
Ever thine alone to be:
And forever,
Sin and all its lusts to flee.
- 4 Gracious God, all thou hast spoken
In this cov'nant shall take place;
But if I, alas! have broken
These my vows, hide not thy face;
And from falling,
O, restore me by thy grace!
- 5 Lord, to thee I now surrender,
All I have and all I am;
Make my heart more true and tender,
In me glorify thy name.
Let obedience
To thy will be all my aim.

LORD'S SUPPER.

215

Jesus the soul's true food.

L.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects meet our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

216

Communion.

S.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board:
Here those he died to save may hold
Communion with their Lord.

- 2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor! matchless grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one:
We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body, with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise!

217

The gospel feast.

L. M.

MY God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

- 2 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach; with hearts prepar'd
With warm desire, let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's death alone can give.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest
Who see the light or feel the sun.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

218

Christ's Kingdom.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with grateful song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

219 *Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace;
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase!
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

220 *For the Spread of the Gospel.* 7s.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
 When beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
 Heathen tribes his name adore;
 Satan and his host o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall war and tumults cease
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

221 *Spread of the Gospel.* S. M.

O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne;
And plead for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

222 *The Laborers are few.* S. M.

L ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

- 3 Convert and send forth more
 Into thy Church abroad,
 And let them speak thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,—
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,—
 Thine all-redeeming love.

223

The heathen's call.

7s, 6s.

- FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand:
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

224

Triumphs of the Gospel.

7s.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends!
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn!
 Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
 Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease
 Hie thee to thy quiet home;
 Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

225

Missionary Meeting.

L. M.

- JESUS! in Christian love we meet
 To bring an offering to thy feet;
 All in their hand some talent bear,
 And lay it humbly, freely, there.
- 2 Yes, for thy gospel's cause, with joy
 Our hands, our hearts, we would employ:
 Oh, smile upon us from above,
 That bless'd may be our work of love.
- 3 Then let us feel thy presence near,
 While met in holy union here:
 Our zeal, our love, do thou increase,
 And let us reap the fruits of peace.

226

Spread of the Gospel.

L. M.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
 Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour;
 Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.

- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns —
On Afric's shore, on India's plains, .
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the nations all thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

227 *Prayer for the success of the Gospel.* C. M.

- LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r;
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heav'nly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murd'rous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold!

6 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

228

Universal Hallelujah.

7s, 6s.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

229

The Salvation of Israel.

7s, 6s.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!
 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror;
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error;
 Release the fettered heart.
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

230

The coming Reign of Christ.

L. M.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King!
 And spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat, —
 Let humble mourners seek thy face;
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.

15 *

- 3 Oh! let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name, —
 Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

231

The Great Command.

6s, 4s.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
 Bear ye the word of God
 Through the wide world:
 Tell what our Lord hath done:
 Tell how the day was won,
 And from his lofty throne
 Satan is hurl'd.

- 2 Far over sea and land —
 'Tis our Lord's own command —
 Bear ye his name:
 Bear it to ev'ry shore;
 Regions unknown explore;
 Enter at every door:—
 Silence is shame.

- 3 Ye who, forsaking all
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign;
 Soon will the work be done;
 Soon will the prize be won:
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Then shall ye shine.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.

CHRISTMAS.

232 *Joy to the World.* C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

233 *The Angel's message to the Shepherds.* C. M.

ON Judah's plains as shepherds sat,
Watching their flocks by night,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
Clad in celestial light.

- 2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,
Appall'd with trembling fear;
When thus a cherub-voice divine
Breath'd sweetly on their ear.
- 3 "Shepherds of Judah! cease your fears
And calm your troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 4 "This day almighty love fulfils
Its great eternal word;
This day is born in Bethlehem
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 5 "There shall you find the heav'nly babe
In humblest weeds array'd;
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid."

234

Hymn for Advent.

7s.

- COME, thou Saviour of our race,
Choicest gift of heav'nly grace;
O thou blessed virgin's Son!
Be thy race on earth begun.
- 2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
He descends from heav'n to earth—
By the Holy Ghost conceiv'd,
Truly man, to be believ'd.

- 3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous child
Of the virgin undefil'd!
Though by all the world disown'd,
Still to be in heav'n enthron'd.
- 4 From the Father forth he came,
And returneth to the same;
Captive leading death and hell—
High the song of triumph swell.
- 5 Equal to the Father now,
Though to dust thou once didst bow:
Boundless shall thy kingdom be—
When shall we its glories see?
- 6 Brightly doth thy manger shine;
Glorious is its light divine:
Let not sin o'ercloud this light;
Ever be our faith thus bright.

235

Advent of Christ.

7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

- 3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
 Lo! the incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as man with men t' appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

236

Christmas Morning.

7s, 6s.

THE glorious light is dawning,
 And gilds the mountain's brow;
 To Bethlehem this morning,
 Rejoicing, let us go.
 We'll sing the blissful story
 The angels sang this morn—
 How Christ, the King of glory,
 Was in a stable born.

- 2 His diadem forsaking,
 He laid his glory by;
 Our nature on him taking,
 That he might bleed and die.
 From sin and death to free us,
 On wings of love he came—
 For this the blessed Jesus
 A little child became.

- 3 While shepherds, low adoring,
 To him give homage meet,
 And Eastern Magi pouring
 Earth's treasures at his feet;
 We, now life's day is dawning,
 Would our best off'rings bring,
 And on this happy morning
 Worship the new-born King.

237 *The advent of the Saviour.* C. M.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

238

The Star of Bethlehem.

L. M.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd — and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 And bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd — my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star! — the Star of Bethlehem!

239 *The Babe of Bethlehem.* **7s.**

LET us chant the solemn lay —
 Let us celebrate the day, —
 Hail, with joy, th' auspicious morn
 When the Son of man was born.

2 Babe of Beth'lem, lowly laid!
 Angels hover round thy bed,
 Pausing o'er the tuneful lyre,
 As they wonder and admire.

3 Hope of Israel! welcome thou —
 Every tribe to thee shall bow;
 Every tongue thy right proclaim;
 Every land adore thy name.

240 *Praise to the Saviour.* **11s, 10s.**

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edon and off'rings divine!
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine!
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration:
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

241

The Birth of Christ.

S. M.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
 The honors of your king;
 To Jesus your incarnate God,
 Your songs of praises sing.

- 2 Not angels round the throne
 Of majesty above,
 Are half so much oblig'd as we
 To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

242 *The Babe in the Manger.* 8s, 7s.

HOW much better I'm attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like me.

2 Soft and easy was my cradle,
Coarse and hard my Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

3 Lo! he slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed,
Cold the air and full of danger,
Whistling by his blessed head.

- 4 See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky;
 Where they sought him, there they found him
 With his virgin mother by.
- 5 From the East, the wise men pressing,
 In their arms rich jewels bring,
 To receive the precious blessing
 Of their long-expected King.
- 6 May we learn to know and fear him,
 Love and serve him all our days,
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 Seek his face and sing his praise.
-

NEW YEAR.

243

Beginning of the Year.

7s.

SEE, another year is gone!
 Quickly have the seasons pass'd!
 This we enter now upon
 Will to many prove the last.

- 2 Some we now no longer see,
 Who their mortal race have run,
 Seemed as fair for life as we,
 When the former year begun.

3 Some—but who God only knows—
 Who are here assembled now,
 Ere the present year shall close,
 To the stroke of death must bow.

4 Mercy hitherto has spared,
 But have mercies been improv'd?
 Let us ask, "Am I prepar'd,
 Should I be this year remov'd?"

244

New Year Hymn.

L. M.

MAY this a happy New Year be;
 We would begin it, Lord, with thee;
 O mercifully condescend
 To be our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend.

2 Each day our youthful footsteps guide,
 And keep us closely by thy side;
 Each night may we in safety rest
 Within thy fold—upon thy breast.

3 Blest Saviour, we would bring to thee
 A New Year's gift; O may it be
 A heart renew'd by grace divine,
 Which thou wilt take and own as thine.

4 And we would ask a gift from thee—
 Thine own best blessing let it be;
 The Comforter, the Holy Dove,
 To teach our hearts a Saviour's love.

- 5 And when our years on earth are told,
 Then take us to thy heavenly fold;
 May this our happy portion be—
 To spend eternity with thee.

245 *A hymn for New Year.* L. M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
 By which supported still we stand;
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows—
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

246 *For a New Year.* C. M.

SPARED to commence another year,
 The past I now review:
 How num'rous do my sins appear!
 How great thy mercies, too!

- 2 I thank thee for thy tender care
 Through all my infant days;
 And for each privilege I share,
 That still thy love displays.

- 3 For Jesus' sake my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.
- 4 How long or short my course may be,
'Tis not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

247

Flight of Time.

S. M.

A NOTHER fleeting year
Has fled and pass'd away,
Since we were taught to worship here,
On this most holy day.

- 2 Years hurry quickly by,
And we are fading too;
And soon the year when we shall die,
Will come upon our view.

- 3 If we are ready then,
For us it will be well;
Remov'd from this low earth of pain,
With God in heaven to dwell.

248

New Year's day.

H. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found:
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word
 To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
 Cried, "Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo! we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

249

Many have died.

7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here;

Fix'd in their eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily, the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

250

Shortness of Time.

7s.

SWIFT the moments fly away —
 First the hour and then the day,
 Next the week, the month, the year,
 Steal away, and disappear.

1 Time is ever on the wing,
 While I speak, or think, or sing;
 Whether working or at play,
 Time is rolling fast away!

3 Think, my soul! awake and see
What will soon become of thee!
Whither tending, canst thou tell,—
Up to heaven, or down to hell?

4 Jesus, I would humbly pray,
Guide and keep me in the way;
Every gift and grace bestow;
Wean my heart from things below.

251

Passing Time.

C. M.

SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on:
Quick as the lightning from the skies
My wasting moments run.

2 Thanks, Lord, to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek thy face,
And know the way of truth.

3 O let thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road,
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Saviour and my God.

4 Another year of life is past,
My heart to thee incline;
That if the next should be my last,
It may be wholly thine.

GOOD FRIDAY.

252

Good Friday.

C. M.

WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

2 O never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look;
 He seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave and said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou mayst live."

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

253

Love of Christ to men.

S. M.

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
 The Saviour lifted high!
 Behold the Son of God's delight
 Expire in agony!

- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
 Were all these sorrows borne?
 Why did he feel that piercing smart,
 And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us he bled,
 And all in torture died;
 'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
 And op'd his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
 In sympathy of love
 I feel the strong attractive power
 To lift my soul above.
- 5 In Thee our hearts unite,
 Nor share thy griefs alone,
 But from thy cross pursue their flight
 To thy triumphant throne.

254

C. M.

Sorrow for the sufferings of the Saviour.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the mighty Saviour died
 For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

255

L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

256

Suffering Saviour.

7s, 6s

- O SACRED Head, how wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down!
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns—thine only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet, though despis'd and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,—
Thy pity without end!
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.
- 3 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free;
When strength and comfort languish
And I must hence depart;
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

257

Calvary.

C. M.

THERE is a dear and hallowed spot
 Oft present to my eye —
 By saints it ne'er can be forgot —
 That place is Calvary.

- 2 Oh, what a scene was there displayed
 Of love and agony,
 When our Redeemer bowed his head,
 And died on Calvary!
- 3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
 Unto the cross I fly;
 And trust the merit of that blood
 Which flowed at Calvary.
- 4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
 On Jesus I'll rely;
 And, in the sharp conflicting hour,
 Repair to Calvary.

258 *Looking to Christ on the Cross.* 7s, 6s.

WHEN human hopes all wither,
 And friends no aid supply;
 Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
 Can turn my straining eye?
 'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
 'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
 That cross where thou didst suffer,
 On Calv'ry was displayed.

- 2 On that my gaze I fasten,
 My refuge that I make;
 Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
 Thou never canst forsake.
 Thou on the cross didst languish,
 Ere glory crowned thy head;
 And I, through death and anguish,
 Must be to glory led.

E A S T E R.

259 *Morning of the Resurrection.* L. M.

HAIL! morning known among the blest—
 Morning of hope, and joy, and love—
 Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
 Pledge of the endless rest above!

- 2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
 Who, from the dead, hath brought his Son
 Hope to the lost was then restored,
 And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
 To chase the shades of night away,
 When Christ arose,—unsetting Sun,—
 The dawn of joy's eternal day.
- 4 Mercy looked down, with smiling eye,
 When our Immanuel left the dead;
 Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
 And hope with gladness, raised her head.

Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!

Thy fire to every bosom bring;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

260

Christ's Resurrection.

7s.

ANGELS roll'd the rock away,
Death gave up its mighty prey;
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide;
Glorious Hero! through them ride:
King of glory! mount the throne—
Thy great Father's and thine own.

4 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic choirs!
Tune and sweep your sounding lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous songs,
With ten thousand thousand tongues.

261

"The Lord is risen indeed."

S. M.

"THE Lord is risen indeed,"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

17 *

- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful cord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs
To sing our risen Lord.

262 *Christ victorious over death.* 7s.

"CHRIST, the Lord, has ris'n to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ has burst the gates of hell.
 Death in vain forbids his rise;
 Christ has open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died, our souls to save:
 Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail, the Resurrection, Thou.

263

Easter Sunday.

C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
 He calls the hours his own:
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day arose our glorious Head,
 And death's dread empire fell;
 To-day, the saints his triumph spread,
 And all its wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

264

Easter Morning.

C. L. M.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O weep no more, the Saviour slain,
The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ, ye live again.

- 4 How tranquil now the rising day!
 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord, to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears:
 O weep no more your comforts slain,
 The Lord is risen, he lives again.
- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die!
 Since he hath risen that once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again.
-

ASCENSION AND WHITSUNTIDE.

265

Ascension of Christ.

7s.

HAIL the day that sees him rise
 Glorious to his native skies!
 Christ, a while to mortals given,
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates!
 Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin;
 Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves:
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

- 4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads,
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

266

Christ's exaltation.

C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.
- 3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief:
For me he bore the shameful cross
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

- 5 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet,
 Shows me the glories of my God
 And makes my joys complete.

267 *Joy at Christ's Ascension.* C. M.

ARISE, ye children, and adore;
 Exulting strike the chord:
 Let all the earth from shore to shore,
 Confess the Almighty Lord.

- 2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
 Th' ascending God proclaim,
 Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
 And shake creation's frame.

- 3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
 In that triumphant hour;
 And God exalts his conqu'ring Son
 To his right hand of power.

- 4 Oh, shout, ye people, and adore;
 Exulting strike the chord;
 Let all the earth from shore to shore,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord!

268 *Christ exalted.* L. M.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.

- 2 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
To save us rebels, — yes, 'tis he!
How bright, how lovely, how admir'd!
- 3 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place,
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!
- 4 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.
- 5 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

269

Whitsunday.

L. M.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save,
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

- 3 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,
And the whole race of man confess
The beauty of thy holiness.

270

For the Spirit.

C. M.

SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the weary way
Of dark mortality.

- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

THE REFORMATION.

271

Safety of the Church.

S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great:
 He makes the church his own abode,
 His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his salvation shone
 Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair;
 We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

272

Our Fathers' Faith. L. M., 6 lines.

FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
 Oh how our hearts beat high with joy,
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free :
 How sweet will be their children's fate,
 If they, like them, shall die for thee !
 Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
 We will be true to thee till death !

3 Faith of our Fathers ! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife ;
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
 We will be true to thee till death !

273 *Prayer for Divine help.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.

Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Ev'ry part look'd gay and green :
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,—
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 Lord, etc.

3 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,—
 Help can only come from thee.
 Lord, etc.

4 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
 Lord, etc.

5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again!
 O! permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
 Lord, etc.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.
 Lord, etc.

274 *We wont give up the Bible.* 7s, 6s, 8s, 6s.

WE wont give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth,
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth:
 The lamp that sheds a glorious light
 On, else, a dreary road!
 The voice that speaks the Saviour's love,
 And leads us home to God.

2 We wont give up the Bible;
 But could you force away
 What is as our own life-blood dear,
 We still with joy could say:

“The words which we have learn’d while young
 We’ll follow all our days,
 For they’re engraven on our hearts,
 And ye cannot erase.”

3 We wont give up the Bible:
 We’ll shout it far and wide,
 Until the echo shall be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide!
 Till all shall know that we, though young,
 Withstand each treacherous art;
 And that from God’s own sacred word
 We’ll never, never part!

275 *Triumph of the Gospel.* S. M.

O LORD, our God, arise,
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And wide o’er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
 Expand thy heav’nly wing,
 And o’er a dark and ruin’d world
 Let light and order spring.

- 4 O all ye nations, rise,
 To God the Saviour sing;
 From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
 Let echoing anthems ring.
-

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

THE SEASONS.

- 276** *The Seasons ordered by God.* L. M.

GREAT God, at whose all-pow'rful call
 At first arose this beauteous frame!
 By thee the seasons change, and all
 The changing seasons speak thy name.

- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
 From winter storms recover'd, rise;
 When thousand grateful scenes appear,
 Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
 The earth in vernal beauty drest!
 While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
 Thy blooming glories shine confest!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reins the sun,
 And light and genial heat conveys;
 And, while he leads the seasons on,
 From thee derives his quick'ning rays.

5 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
 Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
 We see, we taste;—let ev'ry heart
 With grateful love and duty glow.

277 *Spared to greet the Spring.* S. M.

SPARED to another Spring,
 We raise our grateful songs;
 'Tis pleasant, Lord, thy praise to sing,
 For praise to thee belongs.

2 The fields on every side,
 The trees on every hill,
 The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
 Proclaim thy wondrous skill.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
 Still praise a God unknown;
 For gratitude and love can rise
 From living hearts alone.

4 While earth itself decays,
 Our souls can never die;
 Oh tune them, Lord, to hymn thy praise
 In better songs on high.

278

A Morning in Spring.

8s.

HOW beauteous the morning appears,
 The woodlands their songs have begun,
 The dew-drops, like penitent tears,
 Are bright in the beams of the sun.

2 The landscape is verdant and gay,
 The meadows in richness are clad,
 The flocks and the herds are at play,
 The heart of the peasant is glad.

3 How gently the waterfall pours!
 How softly the breezes arise!
 How fragrant the beautiful flowers
 Which Spring in her bounty supplies!

4 All nature is smiling in peace,
 The goodness of God she displays,
 As mercies around us increase,
 Let's join in the anthems of praise.

279

Summer — a harvest hymn.

C. M.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
 My tongue, his goodness sing;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the spring.

- 3 Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

280

A harvest hymn.

C. M.

- FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou mad'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

- 4 These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

281

Autumn.

8s, 7s.

- SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,
“Hear the lessons we are reading,
Mark the awful truth they tell,
Sons of Adam once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell.
- 2 “Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace?
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 3 “Cease presumptuous hopes to cherish,
Prize the seasons as they fly ;
Like the leaves you rise and flourish,
Like the leaves must droop and die.

But to those in Jesus planted,
 By a true and living faith,
 Shall unfading spring be granted,
 And a triumph over death."

282

Winter.

C. M.

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crowned!

- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
 In night's dark mantle clad;
 Confined in cold, inactive chains —
 How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.

283

Winter.

C. M.

SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
 Has stripped the verdant ground!
 But spring will soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties round.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
And fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
The graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise,
This frozen heart remove;
O hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy love.

284

Jesus seen in the Seasons.

7s.

WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans!

3 Summer has a thousand charms
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms
His the air that cools the earth.

4 What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn,
 While the sun makes haste to rise;
 See his bleeding beauties dawn
 On the blushes of the skies.

6 Ev'ning with a silent pace,
 Slowly moving in the west,
 Shows an emblem of his grace,
 Points to an eternal rest.

MORNING AND EVENING

285

C. M.

Morning prayer for Divine protection.

TO thee, let my first off'rings rise,
 Whose sun creates my day;
 Swift as the glad'ning influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be' nigh,
 So oft vouchsaf'd before!
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,
 And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
 For which, resign'd, I pray,
 Give me to feel the grateful heart
 That, without guilt, is gay.

4 Affliction shouldst thou please to send
As sin's or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and ev'ry future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey
May grace sustain at last.

286

Morning prayer.

7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day —
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and cleanse my sight,
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound;
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
O! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

287

Morning and eternal day.

L. M.

I N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the raptures of the skies.

288

Evening — Solitude.

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore, —
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

289

Evening prayer.

C. M.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

- 2 And wilt thou lend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train
 As we're no less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
 Thine everlasting peace.

290

Evening Hymn.

7s.

OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
 No one ever ask'd in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Ev'ry evil thought restrain.

2 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 God of mine unguarded hours!
 All mine enemies control,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's pow'rs!

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
 Set me from the body free:
 Draw with stronger influence
 My unfetter'd soul to thee.

4 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
 Fill me with a sweet surprise;
 Let me thee, when waking, feel;
 Let me in thine image rise.

291

Thoughts upon retiring.

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence
And leave my soul undrest.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

SICKNESS AND AFFLICTION.

292

Teacher's Illness.

L. M.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Regard our simple earnest prayer,
And make our teacher now thy care.

- Preserve thy servant from the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, to save!
Back to our hopes and wishes give
Our teacher, Lord, and bid him live.
- 3 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the narrow way.
- 4 Around him may thy angels stand,
To bear him to a better land;
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to the upper skies.

293

Recovery from Sickness.

C. M.

I THANK the Lord who lives on high,
Who heard an infant pray;
And healed me that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

- 2 O let me love and serve thee, too,
As long as I shall live;
And every evil thing I do,
For Jesus' sake forgive.

294

Sick-bed Devotion.

C. M.

GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne
Nor dare dispute thy will.

- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm a sojourner here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

295

Hymn for Orphans.

C. M.

O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
 Above our utmost need,
 Incline thine ear unto our cry,
 And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love
 And all a father's care,
 Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
 To whom direct our prayer?

3 To thee we flee, to thee we pray,
 Thou shalt our Father be:
 More than the fondest parent's care
 We find, O Lord, in thee!

4 Already thou hast heard our cry
 And wiped away our tears:
 Thy mercy has a refuge found
 To guard our helpless years.

296

Thy will be done.

L. M.

MY God, my Father, whilst I stray
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,
 O! teach me from my soul to say,
 Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 May I be still and murmur not,
 And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 Thy will be done.

- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize — it ne'er was mine,
 I only yield thee what is thine;
 Thy will be done.
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I'll strive to say,
 Thy will be done.
- 5 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done.
- 6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Thy will be done.

297

Hymn for the Blind.

7s, 6s.

ARE nature's charms all hidden
 For ever from my view?
 Am I in darkness bidden
 My journey to pursue?
 My Father! O my Father!
 Thy child can trust thee still,
 And strength from thee can gather,
 To suffer all thy will,

- 2 Though many a form be shrouded,
 That once inspired delight,
 My soul's clear eye, unclouded,
 And filled with inward light,
 May gaze with steadier vision
 On things to faith revealed,
 And wait in meek submission
 For all to be unsealed.
- 3 Loved voices still can cheer me,
 Sweet birds my ear can charm,
 Kind guardians, ever near me,
 Watch to protect from harm;
 But, O! the thought most cheering,
 Fraught with delight untold,
 Is this, — at Thine appearing,
 Thy face I shall behold.

298

Rest in heaven.

11s.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
 Then why should I murmur when trials are
 near?
 Be hush'd my dark spirit, the worst that can
 come
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,—
 Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory at home.

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find it in Christ, when I lean on his breast.
- 4 Afflictions may damp me, but cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, turn diamond or gem.
- 5 Let doubt, then, or danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it
with song.

LIFE AND DEATH.

299

What is life?

C. L. M.

LORD, what is life? 'Tis like a flower
 That blossoms and is gone:
 We see it flourish for an hour,
 With all its beauty on;
 But death comes like a wintry day,
 And cuts the pretty flower away.

2 Lord, what is life? 'Tis like the bow
 That glistens in the sky:
 We love to see its colors glow,
 But while we look they die:
 Life fails as soon; to-day 'tis here;
 To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? If spent with thee
 In duty, praise, and prayer,
 However long or short it be,
 We need but little care;
 Because eternity will last
 When life, and even death, are past.

300

Death of a Child.

C. M.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour, —
 How soon the vapor flies!
 Man is a tender, transient flower,
 That e'en in blooming dies.

- 2 Death spreads his with'ring, wint'ry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?
- 3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And wither'd all our joys.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

301

Frailty.

S. M.

- THE lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.
- 2 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom:
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath
Can take them both away.

302

Death of a pious Child.

S. M.

WHEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly then departs the breath!
The dying pang how mild!

- 2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do
Upon its mother's tender breast,
And as securely too.
- 3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled,
To dwell beyond the skies.
- 4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care;
And he will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

303

Funeral of a young person.

C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r,—"I too must die!"—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

- 3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the hea'v'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

304 *Interment of a pious girl.* 8s, 7s

- SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

305

Sleeping in Jesus.

L. M.

- A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

306

Improving time.

L. M.

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbors hence,
And none resist the fatal dart;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart?
- 3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day:
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?
- 4 Thy wasting minutes strive to use;
Awake, rouse ev'ry active pow'r;
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour!
- 5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardor, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength and life and death are thine.
- 6 O teach me some celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve;
And, while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

307

Death of the Young.

L. M.

THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are called by death to hear their doom.

2 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled:
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

3 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fixed in the state wherein he dies.

308

The night cometh.

L. M.

AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,
Awake and view thy setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;
Oh! let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd—
These friendly warnings heard no more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now he stands before the door.

- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice;
 This the summons that he sends:
 "Awake,—for on this transient hour
 Thy long eternity depends."

309 *The Teacher's voice hushed.* L. M.

THE voice is hush'd—the gentle voice
 That told us of a Saviour's love;
 And made our youthful hearts rejoice,
 In hope of heaven, our home above.

- 2 The eye is dim, the loving eye,
 That beam'd so fondly on us here;
 Seal'd up in death, the anxious sigh
 No more bedews it with a tear!
- 3 But in the land beyond the grave,
 That voice will swell in rapturous tone,
 The song to him who died to save,
 And bring the weary trav'ler home.
- 4 That eye, with holy radiance bright,
 Shall kindle like the stars of even;
 Like them shall pierce the shades of night,
 And sweetly shine on us from heaven.
- 5 That brow shall wear its glitt'ring crown,
 When sun and stars no more shall shine
 When death shall lay his sceptre down—
 The grave her empire shall resign.

- 6 Then let us weep as Jesus wept;
 Hallow'd by love each gentle sigh;
 Since in the grave our Saviour slept,
 The Christian need not fear to die.

310 *Death of a pious Scholar.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

WHERE we oft have met in gladness,
 On the holy Sabbath-day,
 Slowly now with tearful sadness,
 Each pursues his lonely way,
 Tears are falling—
 On this holy Sabbath-day.

- 2 One we loved has left our number
 For the dark and silent tomb;
 Closed *his* eyes in dreamless slumber—
 Faded in *his* early bloom:
 Hear us, Saviour,—
 Thou hast blest the lonely tomb.

- 3 Through its dark and narrow portal
 Once they bore thee to thy rest;
 There a ray of light immortal,
 Like a sunbeam from the west,
 Burst the shadows—
 And the grave thenceforth was blest.

- 4 By the light that thus was given
 To the darkness of the tomb—
 By the blessed light of heaven,
 Gilding scenes of earthly gloom,—
 Star of gladness,
 All our night with joy illumine.

- 5 From our circle, little *brother*,
Early hast thou passed away!
But the angels say,—Another
Joins our holy song to-day!
Weep no longer—
Join with them the sacred lay.

311 *Anticipations of Eternity.*

S. M.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

- 3 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

- 4 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

- 5 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who died'st thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery.

- 6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

312

Peaceful Death.

S. M.

- O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord;
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirit soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.
- 5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord:
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

THE RESURRECTION.

313 *Resurrection from the grave.* L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy pow'r to save?

2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing!
And O, shall man awake no more
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rung.

4 Him, the first-fruits, his chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquish'd grave
He mounts his throne, the King of kings
His church to quicken and to save.

5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be cloth'd with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

- 6 The trump shall sound, the dust awake;
 From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring;
 Through heav'n, with joy their myriads rise,
 And hail their Saviour and their King.

314 *Longing for the resurrection.* L. M.

NO, I'll repine at death no more;
 But, calm and cheerful, will resign
 To the cold dungeon of the grave,
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust;
 My God shall raise my frame anew
 At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
 And usher in that glorious day:
 Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours:
 Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.
- 4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
 Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
 That we may join in heav'nly joys,
 And sing the triumph of the day

THE JUDGMENT.

315

The Dread Hour.

S. M.

A DREAD and solemn hour
To us is drawing near;
When we before the throne of God,
All present shall appear.

2 What answer shall we give,
When God himself demands
The uses of such times as these,
In judgment at our hands?

3 And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain;
The seasons that were once our own,
But cannot be again?

4 This would be woe indeed:
To regions of despair
For our neglect to sink us down,
To mourn for ever there.

316

The Judge appearing.

S. M.

A ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away!
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 5 Then let us seek his grace,
Whose wrath we cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

317

The wicked Child judged.

L. M.

HOW dreadful, Lord, will be the day,
When all the tribes of dead shall rise
And those who dared to disobey
Be brought before thy piercing eyes.

- 2 The wicked child, who often heard
His faithful teachers speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word,
Shall not be able then to flee.
- 3 No teacher, then, shall bid him pray
To him, who now the sinner hears,
For Christ himself shall turn away
And show no pity to his tears.

4 Great God! I tremble at the thought
 And at thy feet for mercy bend,
 That when to judgment I am brought,
 The Judge himself may be my Friend.

318

The Father's Jewels.

C. M.

WHEN thou shalt make thy jewels up,
 And set thy starry crown;
 When all thy gems, O Lord, shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own, —

2 May we, a little band of love,
 Poor sinners, saved by grace,
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.



ETERNITY.

319

Eternity.

L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand!
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away?

2 But an eternity there is
 Of endless woe, or endless bliss;
 And swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.

- 3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where?—ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity.
- 4 Sinner! canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell;
And is death nothing, then, to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

320 *The soul cannot die.* C. M.

THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
And I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

- 2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds has fled,
Eternity is mine.
- 3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.
- 4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must FOREVER be?
21 *

321

The New Jerusalem.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

322

My Father's house.

C. M. D.

THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;—
My Father's house, my heavenly home
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepar'd, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

- 2 When toss'd upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side,—
 When fiercely howls the gath'ring storm,
 And foams the angry tide,—
 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn,
 Bright beaming from my Father's house
 To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
 When death shall seize his prey,
 And from the place that knows us now,
 Shall hurry us away,—
 The vision of that heavenly home
 Shall cheer the parting soul,
 And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
 A tide of rapture roll.
- 4 In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete:
 There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

323

The Young in Heaven.

C. M.

WHAT souls are those that venture near
 The throne of God to see?
 Ten thousand happy ones, who here
 Were children such as we!

- 2 Their sins the Saviour wash'd away—
He made them white and clean;
They loved his Word, they loved his day,
They loved him though unseen.
- 3 Now under many a grassy mound
Their youthful bodies rest,
But safe their happy souls are found
Upon their Saviour's breast.
- 4 O may we travel, as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.
- 5 Dear Saviour! hear our humble cry,
And our young hearts renew;
Then raise our ransom'd souls on high,
That we may see thee too.

324*The heavenly Canaan.*

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

325 *Death temporal and eternal.* S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh:
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

326

The Land of Rest.

C. P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

327

Heaven.

C. M.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?

328

Children in Heaven.

L. M.

HAPPY the children who are gone
 To live with Jesus Christ in peace!
 Who stand around his glorious throne,
 Redeem'd by blood, and sav'd by grace.

- 2 The Saviour, whom they lov'd below,
 Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
 No sin, no sorrow there they know,
 But bask in one eternal day.
- 3 Now to their golden harps they sing,
 While tens of thousands join the songs,
 Hosanna to th' immortal King,
 To whom immortal praise belongs!
- 4 Most gracious Lord! O may we be
 All brought with them in bliss to join:
 Thy sacred countenance to see,
 And sing thy mercies all divine!

329

Joyful anticipation of Heaven.

C. M

WHEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

330

Hope of Heaven.

7s, 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place;
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source;
 So the soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

331 *Reunion of the good in heaven.* C. M.

- B**LEST hour, when virtuous friends shall
 meet,
 Their early sorrows o'er;
 And with celestial welcome greet,
 On an immortal shore.
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
 Brothers on brothers gaze:
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is chang'd to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,
 With endless bliss is crown'd:
 All that was dead revives again,
 All that was lost is found.
- 4 And while remembrance, ling'ring still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
 New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 The soul's expanding pow'rs.

- 5 Congenial minds, array'd in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange;
 Nor cease with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.
- 6 Their father marks the gen'rous flame,
 And looks complacent down:
 The smile, that owns their filial claim,
 Is their immortal crown.

332

Heaven my Home.

6s, 4s.

I'M but a traveller here,
 Heaven is my home,
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home;
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my Fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

- 2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home,
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Time's cold and wintry blast,
 Soon will be over-past,
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home,
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

333

That beautiful World.

P. M.

WE'RE going home, we've had visions bright,
 Of that holy land, that world of light,
 Where the long, dark night of time is past,
 And the morn of eternity dawns at last.
 Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
 But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
 Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
 And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
 O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

2 We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains.
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood
 And beams on a world that is fair and good;
 Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom,
 O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

- 3 'Mid that ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness ;
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
 Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;
 Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
 Through endless years we then shall prove,
 The depth of a Saviour's matchless love,
 O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !



CLOSING HYMNS.

- 334 *Reflection on leaving School.* C. M.

AND now another hour is past,
 Of kind instruction given ;
 And this, perhaps, may be the last
 On this side hell or heaven.

- 2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
 And yet indeed how true!
 If I could feel it as I ought,
 This day, what should I do?

- 3 O surely prize it more and more,
 And pray that God would give
 A death of gain, if life be o'er,
 And blessing, if I live.

335

Parting.

L. M.

FATHER, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

- 3 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned;
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
For ever sure, as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone;
Though we may meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

336

Prayer at Parting.

L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release
And bid us all depart in peace.

337

The everlasting Sabbath.

7s.

SOON will set the Sabbath sun
Soon the sacred day be gone
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

- 2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.
- 3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.
- 4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
- 5 Yes: — that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

338

Lord, dismiss us.

L. M.

ETERNAL Father, God of grace!
Who dwellest in this holy place,
Hear us, O hear us, while we pray,
And send us not unblest away!

- 2 Look on us now, and bless us here:
We fain would worship in thy fear:
O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3 Not many years our feet have run,
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one:
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

4 In life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh;
And may the pang that sets us free
Waft every spirit home to thee!

339 *For a Blessing on the Seed sown.* S. M.

FATHER of mercies, hear:
On us look kindly down:
Our humble labors deign to cheer,
And with thy favor crown.

2 In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow:
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need
Freely do thou bestow.

3 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.

4 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thine own.

340

Parting.

S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name:
 Record his mercies, every heart;
 Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 May we receive his word,
 And feed thereon and grow;
 Go on to seek, and know the Lord,
 And practice what we know.

341

Meet, to part no more.

C. M.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love!
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
 O that will be joyful!
 To meet to part no more, —
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.
 O that will be joyful, etc.

- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
 Shall hail their teachers there;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.
 O that will be joyful, etc.
- 4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways;
 That we, with those we love, may join
 In never-ending praise!
 O that will be joyful, etc.

342

8s, 7s, 4s.

For the Fullness of Peace and Joy.

- L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

343

Closing School.

8s, 7s, 4s

NOW is done the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Still the voice of friends beseeching
Us to seek for joys above.
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.

2 Wake, then, every tender feeling!
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay—
Make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath-day.

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past;
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast;
Life is passing,
We must see the grave at last.

4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright,
And with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

344

Closing Hymn.

8s, 7s.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On th' instructions of this day;
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 We have wandered; O, forgive us,
We have wished from truth to rove;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

3 We have learned that Christ, the Saviour,
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.

4 For his sake, O God, forgive us:
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

345

Glory to God.

8s, 7s.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

346 *Praise to Father, Son, and Spirit.* C. M.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

8s, 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was and is be given,
Glory through eternal days.

7s, 6 lines.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

6s, 4s.

TO God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given;
 Crown him in every song;
 To him your hearts belong;
 Let all his praise prolong—
 On earth—in Heaven.

C. L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,
 Be highest glory given.
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

8s, 7s, 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father—God the Son—
 God the Spirit—joined in glory,
 On the same eternal throne;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

7s, 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 From earth let praise arise!
 Ye angels, as ye hear it,
 Prolong it through the skies.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
 Your highest honor raise;
 Glory to God, the Son,—
 To God, the Spirit, praise:
 With all our powers,
 Eternal King!
 Thy name we sing,
 While faith adores.

7s, 6s.

ALL ye who grace inherit,
 The God of grace adore!
 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Give praise for evermore!
 Of mercies here, the treasure
 Demands our praise and love;
 And praise shall be our pleasure
 Before his throne above.

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
 blest,
 And glory and worship from earth, and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

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Appendix.

(1)

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HYMNS FOR INFANTS.

(3)

25

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HYMNS FOR INFANTS.

1 *Opening Prayer.* 8s, 7s.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee:
Thou art great, and high, and holy:
Oh, how solemn we should be!

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone,
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
God is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

2

The Sabbath.

7s.

CHILDREN, 'tis the Sabbath-day:
 We must neither work nor play;
 'Tis the day which God has giv'n,
 That we may prepare for Heav'n;
 Let us then his goodness praise,
 For these blessed Sabbath-days!

- 2 On this holy Sabbath-day,
 Here we come to sing and pray;
 Here we learn God's holy word,
 And we hear of Christ our Lord;
 Let us then his goodness praise,
 For these precious Sabbath-days!
- 3 When we've done with things below,
 May we all to glory go;
 Join the songs of saints above,
 Tell of Jesus's dying love;
 There forever sing his praise
 Through eternal Sabbath-days!

3

Infant Praise.

8s, 7s.

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
 Infant voices raise to Thee;
 In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
 Suffer us thy lambs to be.

- 2 Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden
 Babes like us to come to thee;
 Once by thy disciples chidden,
 Thou didst bless such ones as we.

- 3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
 Thy exalted Son, to die,
 From eternal death to save us;
 Glory be to God on high!

4 *Prayer to Jesus.* 8s, 7s.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us,
 Bless thy little lambs to-day;
 Through the Sabbath be thou near us,
 Keep all sinful thoughts away.

- 2 All the week thy hand hath led us,
 And we thank thee for thy care;
 Thou hast clothed, and warm'd, and fed us:
 Listen to our earnest prayer.

- 3 Let our sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends we love so well;
 Take us, when we die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

5 *The Christian Birth.* C. M.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me, in these Christian days,
 A highly-favored child.

- 2 I was not born, as thousands are,
 Where Jesus is unknown,
 And taught to pray a useless prayer
 To blocks of wood or stone.

- 3 I was not born a little slave,
To labor in the sun,
And wish that I were in my grave,
And all my labor done.
- 4 I was not born without a home,
Or in a broken shed;
A wretched outcast, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.
- 5 My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me;
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

6

Prayer for grace.

7s.

- JESUS, let a little child
Humbly supplicate thy throne:
Speak to me in accents mild,
O thou great and holy One!
- 2 Fill my youthful heart with grace,
Make it thy beloved abode;
Show thy reconciling face,
O my Father and my God!
- 3 May I early learn thy ways,
Early know thy power and love;
Then devote to thee my days,
Till I am removed above.

7 *On hearing the Word.* S. M.

LORD, wilt thou deign to speak
To little ones like me?
Thou wilt, for thou hast bid us come,
And hearken unto thee.

2 Then give the hearing ear,
And give the ready mind,
The childlike heart, to all thy will
Submissively inclined.

3 Thus we, like her of old,
Would wait upon thee, Lord;
Meekly at thy dear feet to sit,
And listen to thy word.

4 'Tis all a child can do
To love and to obey:
Speak, Lord, and we too will attend
To hear what thou wilt say.

8 *Infant Chorus.* 8s, 7s.

LET us sound the infant chorus
To our Father in the skies,
Who so kindly watches o'er us,
And our every want supplies.

2 By his care we nightly slumber,
Waking with the morning ray;
While his mercies, without number,
Still descend from day to day.

- 3 All our infant, smiling pleasures,
All our raiment and our food ;
All our precious little treasures,
Teach us that the Lord is good.
- 4 Thanks to God, who still supplies us
With kind friends and parents dear ;
Thanks to God, who ne'er denies us
Aught we need for comfort here.
- 5 To our Father high in heaven,
To the well-beloved Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given—
Glory to our God alone.

9 *An Infant's Hymn.* C. M.

- I'M not too young to love the Lord,
Who does so much for me ;
My blessings come alone from God—
How thankful I should be !
- 2 I'm not too young a prayer to raise
To God who dwells on high ;
He'll listen to my song of praise,
And hear my feeble cry.
- 3 I'm not too young for Christ to save ;
He even died for me ;
Yes ! he his life for children gave,
And will their Saviour be.

4 I'm not too young to die and go
To Jesus Christ in heaven;
But ere I reach that place I know
My sins must be forgiven.

5 O Saviour, listen to my prayer,
And change this heart of mine;
O! take an infant to thy care,
And make me wholly thine.

10 *A Child's Prayer.* C. M.

L ORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live

4 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

11

Christmas.

7s, 6s.

HOW precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory
And came to dwell on earth!
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt, and sin, and shame:
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

- 2 He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
He claim'd them for his own.
- 3 Oh, may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild!
And may I find his favor,
A young though sinful child!
And in his blissful heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there!

12

Christ's Life.

P. M.

CHRIST was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid.

- 2 The Jews crucified him,
And nailed him to the tree.

- 3 Joseph begged his body,
And laid it in the tomb.
- 4 Down came an angel,
And rolled away the stone.
- 5 Christ rose triumphant,
And conquered death and hell.
- 6 Shout, shout the vict'ry,
We're on our journey home.

13 *Desire to be like Jesus.* 7s, 6a.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met his Father there.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

3 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one mark'd an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see:
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

14 “*Suffer Little Ones to come unto Me.*” P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children, as lambs to his
fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen his kind look when he
said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above—

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

15

Jesus a Guide.

7s.

SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
 Lead us to the shadowing rock,
 Where the richest pastures grow,
 Where the living waters flow.

By that pure and silent stream,
 Shelter'd from the scorching beam,
 Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
 Keep us ever near thy side!

16

Gentle Jesus.

7s.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child:
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
 Gracious God, forbid it not:
 In the kingdom of thy grace,
 Give a little child a place.

3 O supply my every want,
 Feed the young and tender plant,
 Day and night my keeper be,
 Every moment watch round me.

17

An Infant's Prayer.

7s.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
 Who for me life's pathway trod,
 Who for me became a child;
 Make me humble, meek, and mild.

- 2 I thy little lamb would be ;
Jesus, I would follow thee :
Samuel was thy child of old ;
Take me, too, within thy fold.
- 3 Teach me how to pray to thee ;
Make me holy, heavenly :
Let me love what thou dost love ;
Let me live with thee above.

18

Child's Prayer.

7s.

- JESUS, see a little child,
Humbly at thy footstool stay ;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.
- 2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
“Saviour, guide us by thy grace.”
- 3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun ;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.
- 4 Jesus, all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

19

Coming to Jesus.

7s.

SAVIOUR, may a little child
 Through thy grace be reconciled,
 Who can feel indeed within
 Much of evil, much of sin?

2 Yes, thou saidst, and that's my plea,
 "Suffer such to come to me;
 Turn no little child away,
 Heaven is filled with such as they."

3 Saviour! to thine arms I fly,
 Ere my childhood passes by;
 In thy fear my years be past,
 Whether first, or midst, or last.

20 *Who shall Sing if not the Children?* 8s, 7s.

WHO shall sing, if not the children?
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem?
 Why to them are voices given,
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
 Why, unless the songs of heaven
 They begin to practise here?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and, waiting, listen:
 Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own!

Faith can hear the rapturous choir
 When her ear is upward turn'd;
 Is it not the same, made higher,
 Which upon the earth they learn'd?

- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his promise prove?
 Oh, they cannot sing too early!
 Parents, stand not in their way!
 Birds sing while the day is breaking:
 Tell me, then, why should not they?

21

Come and sing.

7s.

COME and sing! O let us sing!
 Let us all our voices raise;
 Like the merry birds in spring,
 Singing songs of love and praise!

- 2 Let us sing! the angels sing,
 High above the cloudless sky,
 There they see their heavenly King
 In his holy majesty.
- 3 Let us sing! the children sung,
 When to Zion Jesus rode;
 And the stately temple rung
 With hosannas to their Lord.
- 4 Let us sing! rejoice, rejoice!
 Jesus listens while we sing!
 Jesus loves an infant's voice,
 And the praises children bring.

- 5 Let us sing our hymns below!
 Sing at morn, at noon, at even;
 Till through Jesus we shall go
 Sweeter songs to sing in heaven.

22

Singing to Christ.

C. M.

WE infants sing
 To Christ our King,
 A song of peace and love;
 The lisping praise,
 Which now we raise,
 Is heard in heaven above.

- 2 'Twas babes like us
 Whom thou didst bless,
 Dear Lord, and honored much;
 "Forbid them not,"
 Were his kind words,
 "My kingdom is of such."

- 3 Kind Saviour, still
 On Zion's hill
 Oh, bless our infant band!
 And be thou near
 When storms appear,
 To shield us with thy hand.

- 4 The ocean crossed,
 No wanderer lost,
 May we the haven gain,
 To join the throng,
 And swell the song
 Of cherubs' rapturous strain.

23

Sabbath Bell.

P. M.

PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell,
In the light, in the light,
Seeming much of joy to tell,
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far,
In the light, in the light,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God!
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow
In the light of God?
Let us walk, etc,

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light;
All the good shall Jesus see
In the light of God.
And for them a rest remains
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.
Let us walk, etc.

24 *I'll away to the Sunday School.* P. M.

WHEN the morning light drives away the
night,

With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,

I'll away to the Sunday-school.

For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be

At the Sunday-school.

I'll away! away! I'll away! away!

I'll away to Sunday-school.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sunday-school I go.

When the holy day has come,
And the Sunday-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sunday-school.

I'll away, etc.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise
For 'tis always pleasant there:

In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sunday-school.

I'll away, etc.

- 4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
 And the sunshine never fail,
 While each blooming rose which in memory
 grows
 Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
 When we mingle here no more,
 But have met on Jordan's shore,
 We will talk of moments o'er,
 At the Sunday-school.
 I'll away, etc.

25

Little Things.

6s, 5s.

- LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.
- 2 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.
- 3 So our little errors
 Lead the soul away,
 From the path of virtue,
 Oft in sin to stray.
- 4 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in distant lands.

26 *The Little Army.* P. M.

O, DO not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he hath vanquished sin.
I am glad I'm in this army, etc.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;

You shall sing his praise for ever,
 You shall sing his praise for ever,
 In Canaan's happy land.
 I am glad I'm in this army, etc.

27

Kind Words.

6s, 4s.

KIND words can never die,
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Stored in the breast.
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Age in all years and climes
 Distant and near.

Kind words can never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Kind words can never die,
 No, never die.

2 Childhood can never die —

Wrecks of the past,
 Float o'er the memory,
 Bright to the last.
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisy spring
 Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away.

Childhood can never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Childhood can never die,
 No, never die.

3 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Tho' like the flowers
 Their brightest hues may fly,
 In wintry hours.
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue,
 They bloom again.
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 No, never die.

4 Our souls can never die,
 Though in the tomb
 We may all have to lie,
 Wrapped in its gloom.
 What tho' the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Live thro' eternal day
 With Christ above.
 Our souls can never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Our souls can never die,
 No, never die.

28

Love.

8s, 7s.

LITTLE children, love each other,
 Is the blessed Saviour's rule:
 Every little one is brother
 To his mates at infant-school.

- 2 We're all children of one Father,
The great God who reigns above:
Shall we quarrel? No; much rather
Would we be like him—all love.

29

The Shepherd.

C. M.

DEAR Shepherd, guard thy little flock
That humbly trust in thee;
Thou art the fortress and the rock,
To which we ever flee.

- 2 Enfold us in thy kind embrace,
And never let us roam
In sin's wild, dreary wilderness,
Where roaring lions come.
- 3 Shield us against the tempter's power,
When Satan's host assail,
And shelter in the trying hour,
When other helpers fail.
- 4 Make us like gentle, loving lambs,
Attentive, mild and still,
And make our little feet and hands
Delight to do thy will.
- 5 Lead us from youth to riper years,
From riper years to heaven;
And to our gracious Shepherd's name
The glory shall be given.

30 *Early seeking the Saviour.* 8s, 7s, 4s.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will!
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill:
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us; love us still.

31

Joyfully.

10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go:
Then, if to Jesus our hearts shall be given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Teachers and scholars have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing, to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear.
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
- 3 Death, with its arrow may soon lay us low;
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

32

I'm a Pilgrim.

P. M.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the rivers are ever flowing.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 And I'm longing, and I'm longing for the sight;
 Within a country unknown and dreary,
 I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 There no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

4 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
 If you will not journey with me, I must go:
 For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
 Should I too, linger, and with you perish?
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

33

We're Travelling Home.

P. M.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above—
 To sing the Saviour's dying love—
 Millions have reached this blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God;
 And millions now are on the road—
 Will you go? Will you go?

- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, —
In rapturous strains to praise his name, —
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share, —
Will you go? Will you go?
- 3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, —
The saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring, —
Will you go? Will you go?
- 4 O weary, heavy laden, come, —
In the blest house there still is room, —
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe
We'll give thy troubled conscience ease, —
Come believe, come believe.
- 5 The way to heaven is free for all, —
For Jews and Gentiles, great and small, —
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start, —
Come away, come away.

34

The Sabbath-school.

L. M.

THE Sabbath-school's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teachers there;
They teach me there that every one
May find, in heaven, a happy home.

I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school;
I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

2 In God's own book we're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled,
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man, his soul to save.

I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

3 In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath-day;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.

I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

4 And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above, to part no more.

35

The Child's Wish.

7s, 6a.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O send a shining angel,
To bear me the sky.

4 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;

And there, before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night.

36

Jesus and the Little Child.

7a

Child.

SAVIOUR, I am very weak;
 Wilt thou hear me when I speak?
 May I come and tell thee all,
 Though I am so young and small?

Saviour.

2 Fear not, my child, to come to me,
 For I was once a child like thee;
 And though I reign in glory now,
 I keep my love for babes below.

Child.

3 And wilt thou take my sinful heart
 And make it pure in every part?
 Help me to grow a loving child,
 Like thee, obedient, meek, and mild?

Saviour.

4 I died, my child, to set you free
 From sin and hell and misery;
 And none of all the childlike train
 Shall ever seek my face in vain.

Child.

- 5 Dear Saviour, be my constant guide,
 Nor let me wander from thy side;
 Oh, fit me for thy home on high,
 And take me to thee when I die.

37

The Little Lambs.

7s.

VERY little ones are we,
 O how mild we all should be!
 Never quarrel, never fight:
 This would be a shocking sight,
 And would break a happy rule
 Of our much-loved infant-school.

- 2 Just like pretty little lambs
 Softly skipping by their dams,
 We'll be gentle all the day,
 Love to learn as well as play;
 And attend to every rule
 Of our much-loved infant-school.
- 3 In the winter, when 'tis mild,
 We may run, but not be wild;
 But in summer we must walk,
 And improve the time by talk;
 Thus we may come nice and cool
 To our much-loved infant-school.

38

The Commandments.

8s.

ONE God I must worship supreme,
 And ne'er before images bow;
 I must not speak light of his name,
 But pay to him every vow.

2 I'm bound to remember with care,
 The Sabbath so hallow'd and pure;
 To honor my parents so dear,
 That life may the longer endure.

3 I never must kill, or consent
 To what is impure or untrue;
 Nor steal, nor indulge discontent,
 Or covet what is not my due.

4 Now help me, O Father in heaven,
 To keep these commandments with zeal,
 In the strength that through Jesus is given
 To those who their sinfulness feel.

39

The Golden Rule.

C. M.

TO do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
 Oh, 'tis the place I love;
 For there I learn the golden rule,
 The rule of joys above.

- 2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belong'd to me.
The Sunday-school, etc.
- 3 And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, etc.
- 4 But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, etc.

40

Goodness.

7s.

JESUS loves the little child
Who is lowly, meek, and mild,
Humble both in act and mind,
And to all around him kind.

- 2 You who would the Lord obey,
Angry words should never say,
But to others always do
As you'd have them do to you.

- 3 In your happy, pleasant home
 Angry words should never come;
 To your parents ever show
 All the grateful love you owe.
- 4 Let your sisters ever find
 All your words and actions kind,
 While your friends and playmates own
 Love to them your deeds have shown.
- 5 This will all be good and right,
 And lovely in your Maker's sight,—
 Fitting you to dwell above,
 With the God whose name is Love.

41

Angels.

C. M.

- GOD'S angels come from heaven on high,
 To keep me safe from harm,
 To guard my head from dangers nigh,
 My bosom from alarm.
- 2 They keep a careful watch all night
 Around my slumbering bed;
 They will not let an evil light
 Upon my sleeping head.
- 3 They love to hear an infant pray,
 And praise thy love divine;
 I cannot hear their songs, but they
 Can hear and join in mine.

42

Pilgrim Band.

P. M.

COME, little soldiers, join in our band,
 March for the kingdom, our promis'd land:
 Fearless of danger, onward we roam;
 Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.

We're a little Pilgrim-band,
 Guided by a Saviour's hand;
 Soon we'll reach our Father-land,
 No more to roam.

- 2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
 Angels rejoicing, beckon us home:
 No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
 Come, little Pilgrim-band, there we shall rest.
 We're a little Pilgrim-band, etc.

- 3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
 But blest forever, God's love shall share;
 Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
 Ever still praising him ages to come.
 We're a little Pilgrim-band, etc.

43

I must die.

7s.

I AM young, but I must die,
 In my grave I soon must lie;
 Am I ready now to go,
 If the will of God be so?

2 Lord, prepare me for my end,
 To my heart thy Spirit send,
 Help me, Jesus, thee to love,
 Take my soul to heaven above.

3 Then I shall with Jesus be,
 Then I shall my Saviour see;
 Never more to suffer pain,
 Never more to sin again.

44 *For the Death of an Infant.* 6s.

GO to thy rest, my child,
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 Gentle and undefil'd,
 With blessings on thy head.

2 Fresh roses in thy hand,
 Buds on thy pillow laid;
 Haste from this fearful land,
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

3 Before thy heart had learn'd
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet had turn'd
 The dark and downward way;

4 Ere sin had seared the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy home of rest,
 In yon celestial sphere.

- 5 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,—
- 6 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward wing detain?
No!—angel, seek thy place
Amid heaven's cherub-train.

45 *The withered Rosebud.* S. M.

THE flowers of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us instruction yield,
Who die as soon as they.

- 2 That pretty rosebud see,
Decaying on the walk;
A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
And broke its feeble stalk.
- 3 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 4 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them soon away.

- 5 To God, who loves them all,
 Let children humbly cry;
 And then, whenever Death may call,
 They'll be prepar'd to die.

46 *The Happy Land.* 6s, 4s.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day:
 Oh, how they sweetly sing!—
 Worthy is the Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye!

- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 O, then, to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun
 We reign for aye.

47

Heaven and Hell.

S. M.

THERE is beyond the sky
 A heaven of joy and love;
 And holy children, when they die,
 Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains;
 There sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a child as I
 Escape this awful end?
 And may I hope, whene'er I die,
 I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray,
 While I have life and breath;
 Lest I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent t' eternal death.

48

The joyful meeting.

P. M.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
 Here we meet to part again;
 In heaven we part no more.
 O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O! that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord, below,
 When they die, to heaven will go,
 And reign with saints above.
 O! that will be joyful, etc.

3 Little children will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
 For every Sunday-school.
 O! that will be joyful, etc.

4 Teachers too shall meet above,
 And our pastors whom we love,
 Shall meet to part no more.
 O! that will be joyful, etc.

5 Oh! how happy we shall be,
 For our Saviour we shall see,
 Exalted on his throne.
 O! that will be joyful, etc.

6 There we shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ,
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 O! that will be joyful, etc.

49 *Children in Heaven.* C. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Thousands of children stand, —
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band, —
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on
 high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one array'd,
 Dwelling in everlasting light
 And joys that never fade.
 Singing, etc.

- 3 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love? —
 How came those children there?
 Singing, etc.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean!
 Singing, etc.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 So now they see his blessed face
 And stand before the Lamb.
 Singing, etc.

50

Beautiful Land Above.

S. M.

THERE is a land above,
 All beautiful and bright,
 And those who love and seek the Lord
 Rise to that world of light.

There'll be no more sorrow there
 There'll be no more sorrow there,—
 In heaven above,
 Where all is love;—
 There'll be no more sorrow there.

- 2 There sin is known no more,
 Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
 There good and happy beings dwell,
 And all are holy there.
 There'll be no more, etc.

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H. 15

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167 W. 4th St.

18 May 1900

at Highland

